

Polaris



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NORTH BAY
TEACHERS' COLLEGE

I am constant as the northern star,
whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament



Minister of Education

As Minister of Education, I am very pleased to welcome the graduates of the North Bay Teachers' College to the teaching profession in Ontario.

In but a few months you will meet your own class and you will begin to exercise the teaching skills you have attained and use the academic knowledge you have acquired. The world which your students will face in their own future and for which you will help to prepare them will demand the very best that our youth can offer. It should go without saying that the same world will demand the best that our teaching staff can offer. It is my hope that you will never cease to grow intellectually and professionally as you serve in our schools and that you will take advantage of the many courses offered for practising teachers to upgrade your professional status.

You carry with you as you begin your teaching the very best wishes of the staff of your College and the Department of Education. I hope your days as a teacher will be satisfying and rewarding and that you will be both dedicated to your task and enthusiastic about your career. Good fortune go along with you!

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "William G. Davis". The signature is written in a cursive style with large, flowing letters.

Allen County Public Library
900 Webster Street
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

William G. Davis
Minister of Education

Toronto, November 6, 1967.

The Principal's Message



Shortly before this yearbook went to press the Minister of Education announced the purchase of a tract of land to be used as the site for a new Teachers' College and associated post-secondary educational institutions. New and enlarged facilities will be appreciated by student teachers and staff members alike. Enlarged library facilities, adequate gymnasium, a resources centre, facilities for closed circuit television, and modern classroom design are among the features expected in our new building. Detailed plans are now in process and expectation generates enthusiasm.

As our College prepares to enroll its sixtieth class, we are reminded of the achievements of the many worthy teachers who have graduated from this College. We recognize also that dedication and scholarship are possibly more important than mere physical and plant facilities.

When we help a learner to become more competent in important skills, to understand more fully scientific and philosophical truths, to feel more adequate for his personal and social responsibilities, we are accomplishing the essential role of the teacher.

As you dedicate yourself to this noble profession, we hope for you rich rewards in satisfaction and in service.

J. D. Deyell.



A Message to the Graduating Class

One year is a mercilessly short time to change from a high school student, with all the ideas and attitudes of a high school senior, into a well-prepared, poised, and confident young teacher about to plunge into a new and exciting career.

We who are on the staff of North Bay Teachers' College have each year marvelled anew at the transformation wrought upon the students during their brief stay with us. We observe your growing sense of responsibility as you change from high school pupil mentality to the more positive and organized personality type characteristic of a good teacher. We watch you become conscious of a new way to act and a new relationship with other people. In brief, we see you grow up.

The great progress you make in these things is the result of adapting to all sorts of stresses and emergencies during the college year as you expand your mind to grasp new concepts, practise your hand and voice to master new skills, and by sheer force of will-power make yourself face new situations. Nevertheless, in spite of all the development you have achieved this year, you are still only partly prepared. Ahead still lie hard decisions, midnight oil, bitter choices, enforced self-discipline, all the adult things of the real world. Successfully handled, they make you into a far greater person than you ever were before.

At a time in history when people are looking for the easy way out, the fast buck, and the chance for self-gratification, you are entering upon a profession where there is only a hard way, the well-earned salary, and the chance to deny yourselves for the sake of those whose lives you influence. The former is the misnamed "good life" of our century; the latter is the better life, both in your own ultimate satisfaction and in the amount of benefit you are to the people around you.

You have chosen well. Determine now to keep it up.

M. J. Curtis.
Vice-Principal

Editor's Message



Polaris '68 was compiled as a record of a very important year in our lives. This record attempts to portray activities that have ranged from long hours and hard work, to rewarding experiences and wonderful memories. I hope that this book will help you recall some of those wonderful people you met and things you did during your year at North Bay Teachers' College.

I would like to express special thanks to our staff advisors, Mr. Pasko and Mr. Schmidt, without whose wealth of experience Polaris '68 just would not exist. Special thanks also goes to the Yearbook Executive and Pam Lowe, Betty Dwyer, Linda Hubley, Sherry Fennessey, Ann Kirk, Judy Niemi, Linda Tilley, Judy Kerr and anyone else who helped us in anyway to assemble this collection of memories.

Linda Fleming

The Yearbook Executive



SEATED, Left to Right: Gilbert Seguin, Linda Fleming, Albert McMillan.
STANDING: Mr. Schmidt, Kenna Johns, Wayne Hopkins, Sharon Whitford, Mr. Pasko.

THE YEARBOOK EXECUTIVE

Now we have some idea of what organizing a yearbook actually entails, and yet, at this moment, we have no idea of how everything will actually turn out! We have been very fortunate in being able to follow in the footsteps of last year's staff, who provided an excellent model for us.

This Yearbook would not be complete without our thanks to all who have contributed in time and effort.

We have enjoyed putting this book together. It has been a great experience! We hope that you will enjoy it for many years to come as a memento of the years 1967-68 at the North Bay Teachers' College.



C. Hoyer



J. D. Deyell,
B.A., B. Paed.
Principal



Miss F. M. Rown,
B.A.
Dean of Women
Educational
Psychology



M. J. Curtis,
B.A., B. Ed.
Vice-Principal
Director of
Practice
Teaching
Special Music



A. J. Johnson,
B.A., M. Ed.
Assistant Director of
Practice Teaching
English II



R. C. Barnett,
B.A.
History and Philosophy
of Education



F. J. Bell,
B.A. M. Ed.
Social Studies
School Management
Methods in Religious
Education



D.J. Dufresne
B.A.
School Management
Health



D. Husband
B.A. M.Ed.
Physical Education



Mrs. D. Knight
B.A., B. Ed.
Science
English I



S.J. Pasko
B.A., B. Ed.
Mathematics



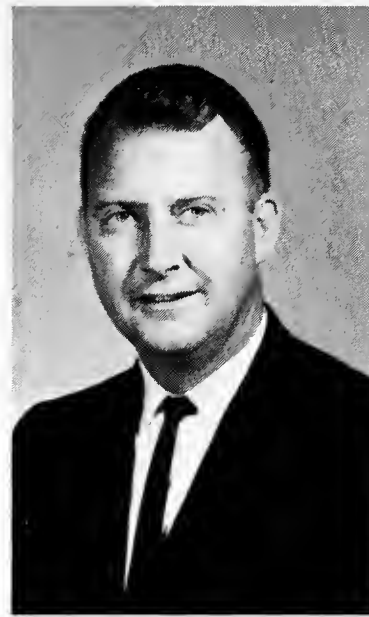
J. D. Ramsey
B.A., B. Ed.
Music



A.B. Reed
B.A.
Science
Audio-Visual
Education



Miss L. Regimbal
B.A., H.S.S.
Special
French



A.J. Schmidt
B.A., B. Ed.
Mathematics
Library Science



Miss E. Stevens
B.A., M. Ed.
Art



Mrs. P. Stuart
B.A., B. Ed.
Educational
Psychology



Mrs. L. Surtees
English II

Miss E. Thorn
M.A., Ph. D.
English I

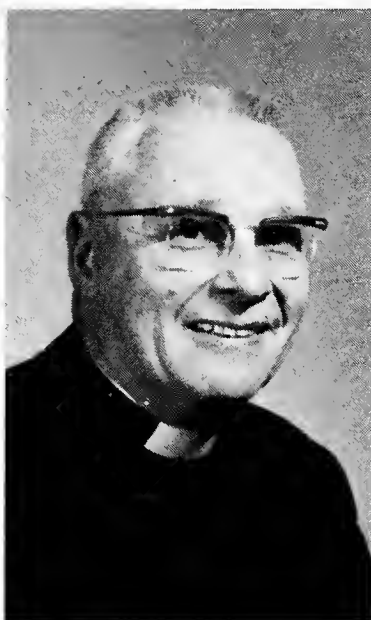


L. C. Van Dusen
B.A., B. Ed.
Social Studies
Methods of Religious
Education

Religious Instructors



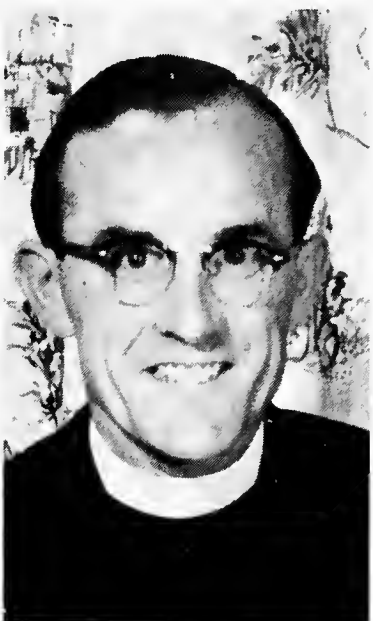
Rev. Canon C.F. Large



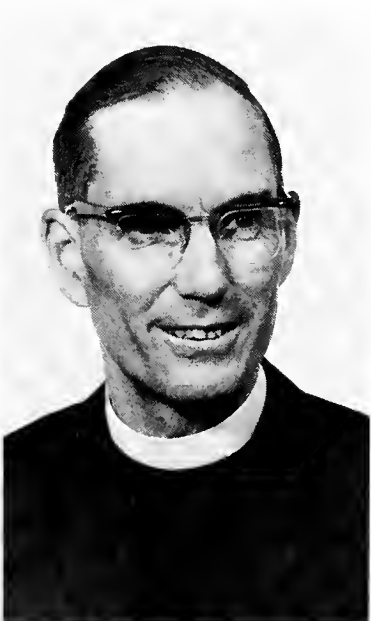
Rev. A. Young
B.A.



Rev. D. Moffatt
B.A., B.D.



Rev. R. McCrea



Dr. W. Kitto
M.A., B.D., Th.M., D.D.



Rev. C. Cope
B.A., B.D.



Sister St. Boniface



Rev. F. Folz



Sister Nora

Roman Catholic Instructor's Message

Teaching is an art.

Artists look at the world through the windshield not the rear-view mirror.

A teacher is NOW, is relevant.

T.V. is involving.

Involvement means swimming in today.

T.V. is now, is relevant.

The catechist is like T.V.

The catechist swims in the Now.

The catechist is like the artist.

The catechist sees the world through the windshield.

Christ is NOW - this is our faith - HE IS WITH US.

We see him not in the rearview mirror but as he is through the windshield.

We see Him in the people we meet, in the event we are dunked.

He is with us too in the classroom.

Teaching is an art, is NOW, is involving, is Christ.

Protestant Instructor's Message

Does the work of Darwin replace a Divine Creator with Natural Selection? Has Freud turned morality into a battle between sex and conscience with the suggestion that sex ought to win out? Has Marx reduced men to economic animals? The good teacher knows the debate filters down to his pupils.

Your religious instructors have tried to share such problems with you. They appreciate your thinking. They hope your understanding of Christian ideals has matured. For they see you as channels through which, by your words and the quality of your life, these values are conveyed to a new generation. They pray that the Holy Spirit may make your witness a blessing to each boy and girl.

Secretaries



Mrs. D. Redmond



Mrs. R. Russell



Miss A. Borsi

Our Librarian



Mrs. E. Rennie

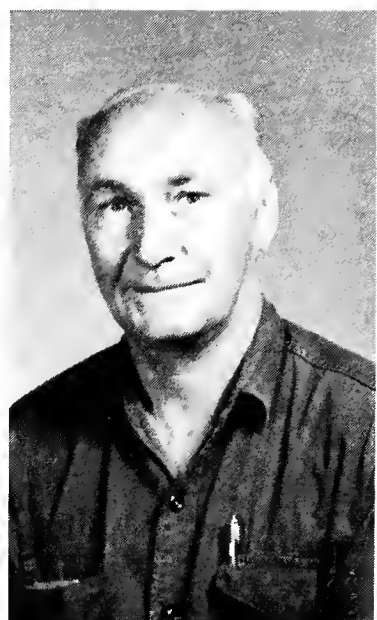
Caretakers



Mr. L. Doucette



Miss G. Godin



Mr. A. Welin



Valedictory Address

I am both honoured and grateful for being chosen to convey the thoughts and emotions of the student body on such a momentous day as this. Yet I find it a difficult task to try and express the sentiments of all who are graduating at this time. Each one who is here today, I am sure, has ambivalent feelings about leaving Teachers' College. We are happy that we have completed the year so quickly and have surmounted the many difficult tasks we have encountered; yet there is the sadness that we shall diverge onto our separate paths, leaving behind many of our new and dear friendships.

For most of us this has been a rewarding year. We entered Teachers' College, inexperienced, with the immediate aim of passing the year. We have matured greatly from the day we arrived, accepting new responsibilities, becoming new personalities quite different from what we started with. As we leave we are people with a new outlook on life. We have become dedicated to a most noble profession - that of teaching.

We would never have been able to avoid the pitfalls of teaching were it not for the sincere dedication and kind consideration of you, Mr. Deyell, Mr. Curtis, and members of the staff. You have been understanding, encouraging, and have put forth diligent efforts to guide us through our practice-teaching weeks.

Your sincere words of wisdom, I am sure, will be recalled by all of us as we step forth into our classrooms next fall, and endeavour to put them into practice.

Our weeks of college were integrated with many weeks of practice-teachers that we must also offer thanks. These men and women have given invaluable time and assistance to us during our weeks. They allowed us to experiment endlessly with new techniques. They always answered our many queries. They praised and encouraged us; criticised and inspired us. It is impossible to express the many things they have done for us both as individuals and as teachers.

We shall not forget our religious instructors who so willingly visited us throughout the school year. They have shown us the value in setting forth good examples so that we might do our part in forming good characters in our pupils.

As we reminisce we can recall the numerous activities, commencing with OUR EXHAUSTING play-day in September, through which we made many warm friendships. Each of us remembers his own personal experiences. Although these experiences culminate on this day, their memories will be remembered forever, and in the future we shall look back upon them with intent emotions.

But now we think we have completed our task; yet we have just begun. We are starting on the lower rung of a great ascending ladder . . . a ladder up which we shall climb in the future. We are standing on the threshold of a new world . . . a scientific world which will be amongst rapid changes. Let us explore this vast world of teaching. Let us acknowledge our responsibility and attempt to live righteously and justly, increasing our knowledge and fulfilling our many obligations by performing our duties as teachers to the best of our abilities.

As we enter into the future let us remember that the tables are now turned. We are no longer students. We have gained victory! We are teachers! As we bid farewell may I wish you all the best of luck in your teaching profession. Let these few lines of our school song be with you always:

"Happy teachers we shall be,
Future of the nation we,
Then we shall remember thee,
Our dear old Teachers' College!"



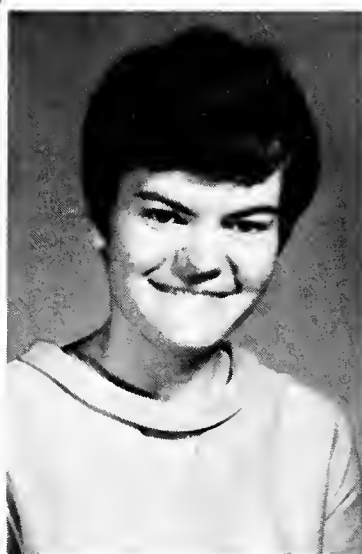
C. Huxley



Jennifer Adams
St. Joseph's Island



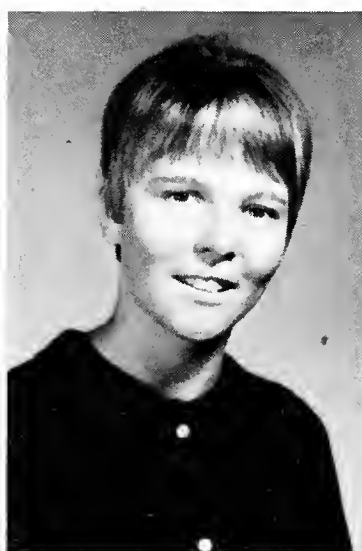
Doreen Aikens
Sault Ste. Marie



Judy Alderson
Copper Cliff



Margaret Allan
Sudbury



Linda Allen
Kapuskasing



Sister Ida May
North Bay

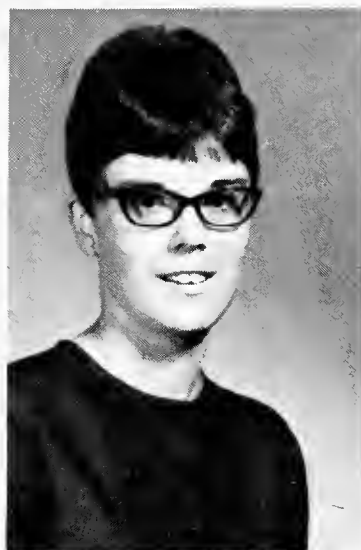


Joyce Anstey
Sudbury



Janine Antolec
Sault Ste. Marie

Form



Margo-Ann Baker
New Liskeard



Elaine Baldisera
Coniston



Karen Ball
McKellar



Susan Bamber
Sudbury



Beverly Barker
Sault Ste. Marie



Leona Barkhouse
North Bay

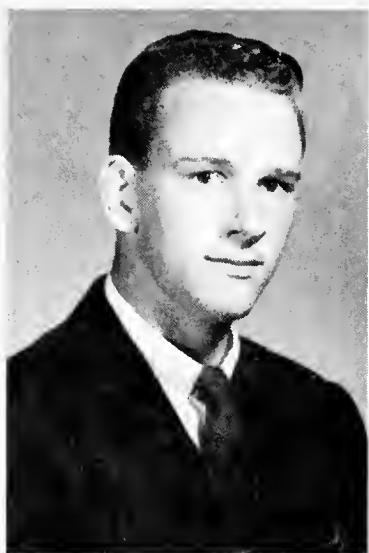


James Barkley
Sault Ste. Marie



Linda Barr
Levack

One



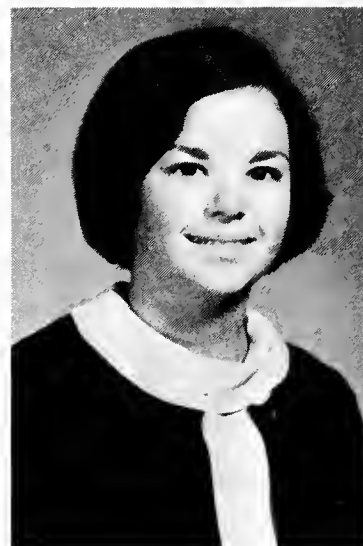
Robert Belecque
Kirkland Lake



Janet Bell
Kapuskasing



Peter Clarke
Sault Ste. Marie



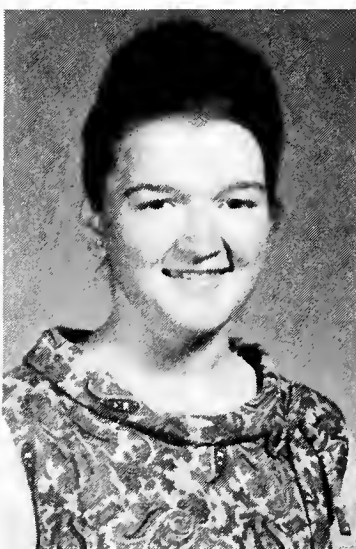
Janet Deluco
Sault Ste. Marie



Elizabeth Enns
Kapuskasing



Joan Francis
North Cobalt



Christine Lundy
Thesalon



Elizabeth Mallett
Haileybury



Joanne McKenzie
North Bay



James McLean
Sault Ste. Marie



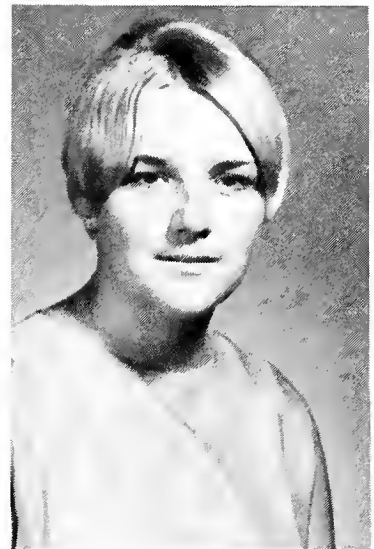
Nancy Merritt
Porcupine



Jewell Morrison
North Bay



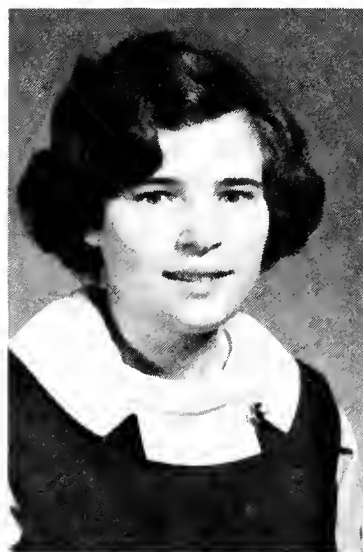
Rosalynn Murphy
New Liskeard



Anne Oliver
Lively



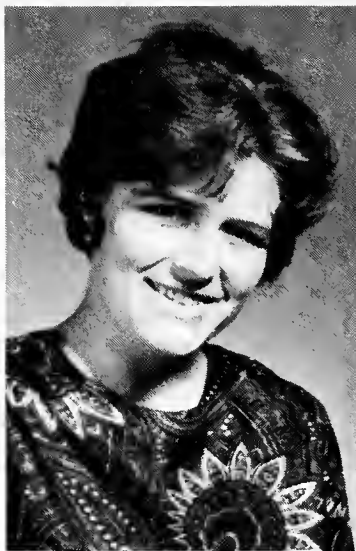
Colleen Orr
Copper Cliff



Margaret Rodgers
Temagami



Sister Michael Marie
North Bay



Ruth Townes
Bracebridge



Wayne Viira
Sault Ste. Marie



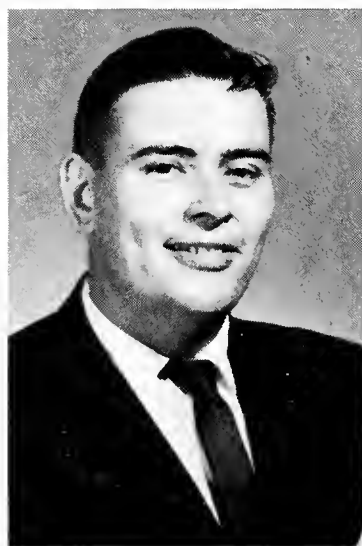
Lynne Walpole (Mrs.)
North Bay



Louise Akey
Copper Cliff



CarolAnn Baldwin
Redbridge



Garth Beattie
North Bay



Alvina Beaudry
Chapleau



Rachelle Bedard
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Constance Belsito
Sault Ste. Marie



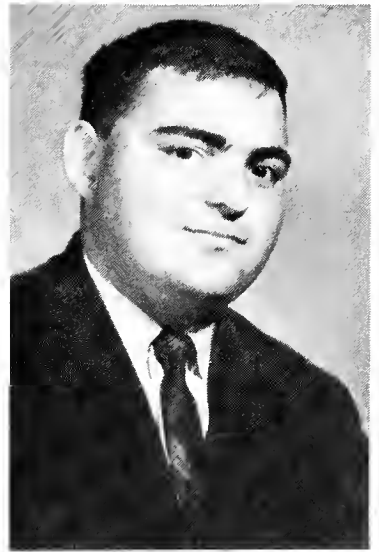
Sharon Benvenuti
Chelmsford



Lia Berilli
Sault Ste. Marie



Gloria Berry
Iron Bridge



Mario Bertotti
Timmins



Cecile Bertrand
Potter



Ellie Binder
Markstay



Doreen Birnie
Cobalt



Sally Blackburn
Espanola



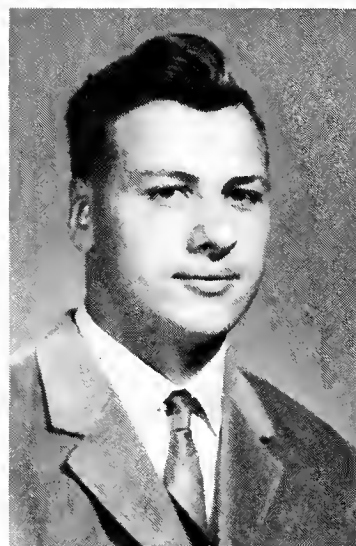
Brenda Blakeley
North Bay



Jane Boorse
North Bay



Barbara Boston
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James Bott
Charlton



Donald Bradley
Sudbury



Elizabeth Butler
Englehart



Diane Cantin
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Ginette Corriveau
North Bay



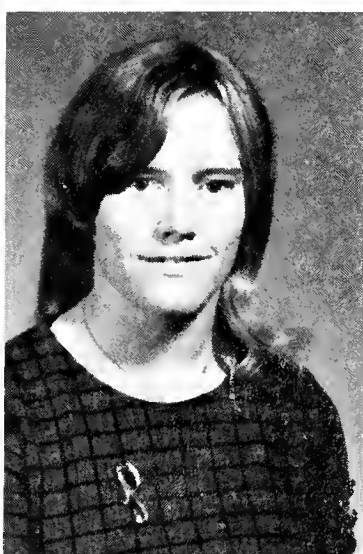
Nicole Cote
Hearst



Jane Coulson
Burwash



Georgette
Debagheera
North Bay



Patricia Dube
Wawa



Barbara Dwyer
North Bay



Rosa Febbraro
Sault Ste. Marie



Clifford Gervais
North Bay



Michelle Goulet
Cochrane



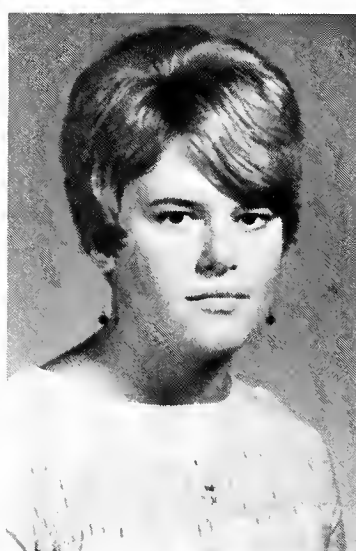
Gilda Gregoris
South Porcupine



Mary Humphrey
Sudbury



Susan Isaason
Smooth Rock Falls



Claire Jones
Garson



Christine Kozachanko
Espanola



Form Three



Lawrence Bouchard
North Bay



Gerald Boucher
Chapleau



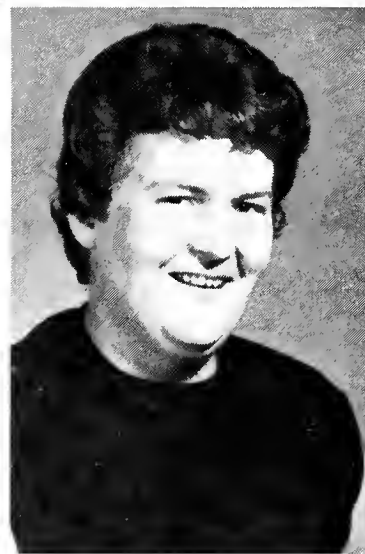
Marlene Bourdeau
North Bay



Philip Bourgeois
Sault Ste. Marie



Marjorie Boyce
Bracebridge



Edna Boyer (Mrs.)
North Bay



Wendy-Anne Brickwell
Orillia



Caroline Brown (Mrs.)
Temagami



Margaret Bryant
Bracebridge



Maxene Buck
Michipicoten
Harbour



John Burns
North Bay



Heather Lennie
Sudbury



Donald Liboiron
Timmins



Ande Mailloux
Sudbury



Adriana Mapelli
Huntsville



Susan Miller
North Bay



Kathleen O'Hara
Sudbury



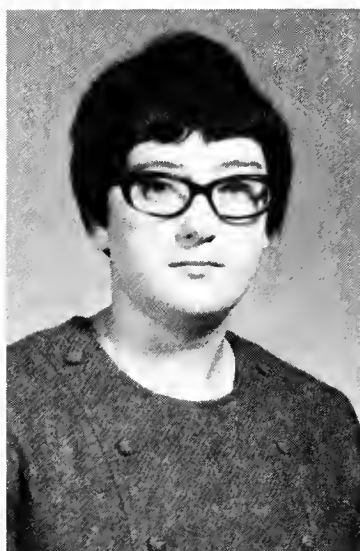
Suzanne Perigord
Sault Ste. Marie



Ronald Pigeau
North Bay



Gerald Point
Sault Ste. Marie



Roberta Potvin
Kapuskasing



Ronald Prefasi
Temagami



Karen Prentice
Schumacher



Lucienne Raymond
Garson



Ida Rocca
Sudbury



Martha Saarela
Whitefish



Frances Sbrega
Capreol



Henriette Seguin (Mrs.)
North Bay



Rachel Seguin
Elliot Lake



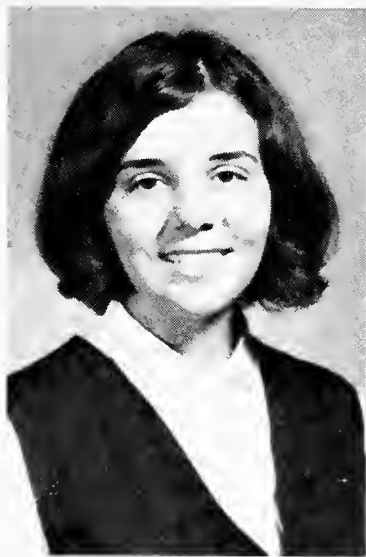
Patricia Sheridan
North Bay



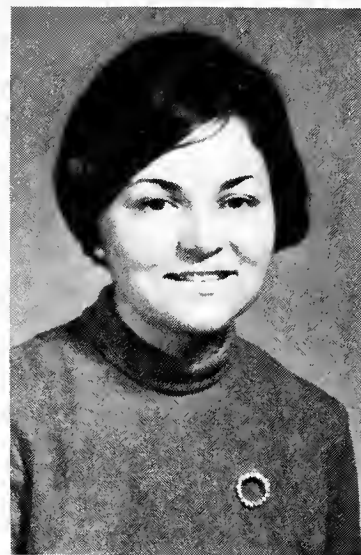
Swanhild Simmerling
(Mrs.)
Mattawa



Sharon Springer
Copper Cliff



Michele Taillefer
Sault Ste. Marie



Silvia Trevisan
Sault Ste. Marie



Harry Witzenhausen
Brampton

Form Four



Lynne Bennett
Sudbury



Edith Blakely
Picton



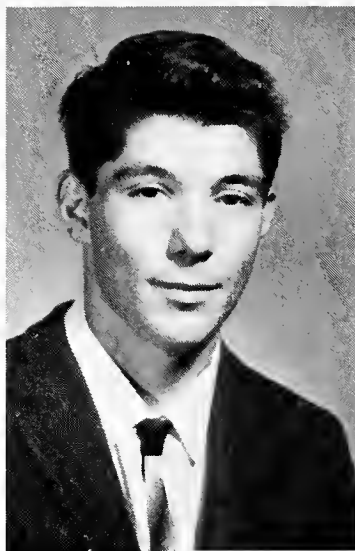
Reginald Butcher
Calgary



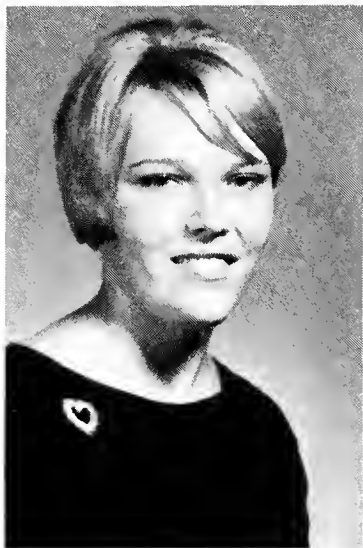
Linda Caldwell
Algoma Mills



David Cameron
Copper Cliff



David Cannell
Parry Sound



Mavis Ceasar
Levack



Josephine Cecconi
South Porcupine



Brenda Chapman (Mrs.)
Little Current



Wendy Chapman
Sudbury



Sheila Chevrier
Schumacher



Estella Chicoine
Schumacher



Angela Ciccone
Sudbury



Jacqueline Clark
Espanola



Robert Clubbe
Sudbury



Julia Cote
Garson



Michael Coulter
Sault Ste. Marie



Jeanette Cox (Mrs.)
North Bay



Irene Craig
Sault Ste. Marie



Alex Crane
Sudbury



Sherrill Ann Dewar
Sault Ste. Marie



Albert Falconi
North Bay



Heather Guse (Mrs.)
Levack



Jacqueline Horsfall
Sudbury



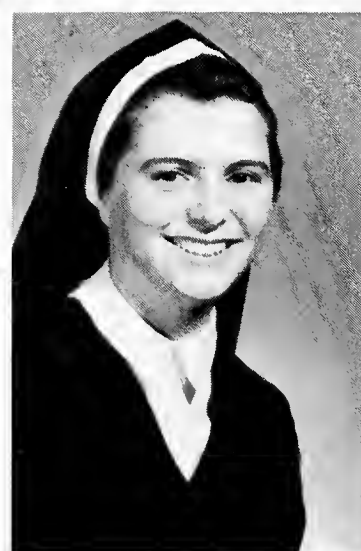
Linda Hubley
Sault Ste. Marie



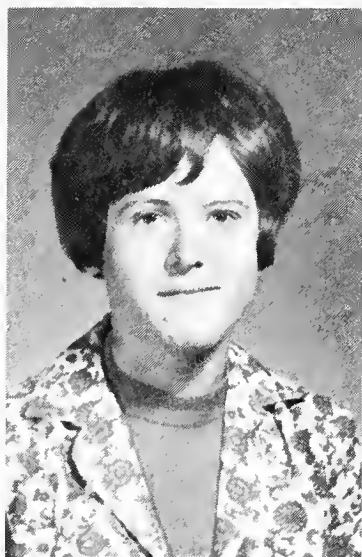
Nadia Jacus
Chelmsford



Sister Joseph Marie
North Bay



Sister Lisa
North Bay



Ann Marinic
Port Arthur



Sister Mary Elaine
North Bay



Cheryl McCourt
Levack



Ellen Sinclair
Sundridge



Sister Eva Marie
North Bay



Cecilia Somme (Mrs.)
North Goulais River



Eleanor Taylor (Mrs.)
North Bay

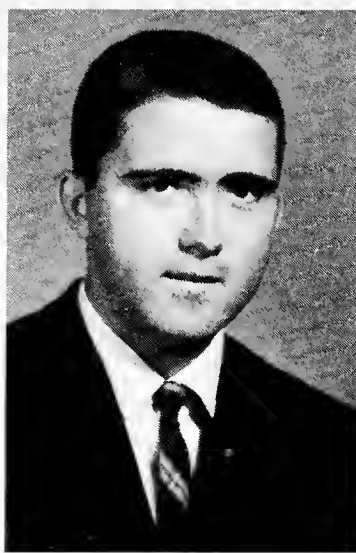


Elizabeth Trudeau
Elliot Lake



Gail Crawford
Blind River

Form

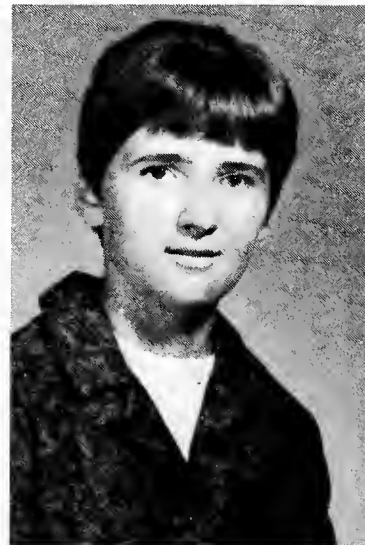


John Crozier
Sudbury

Five



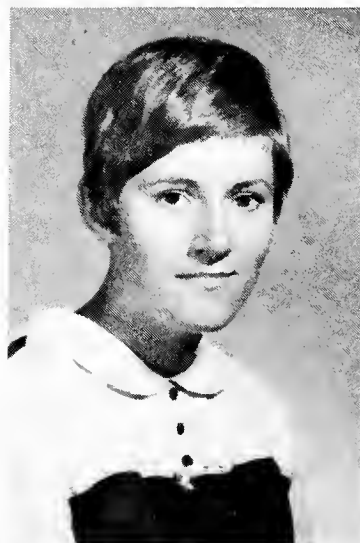
Mary Donna
Cruickshank
St. Joseph Island



Linda Cullis
Levack



Jody Cumming
Nairn Centre



Marianna Czvis
Kirkland Lake



Jacqueline Dagenais
North Bay



Norma Dallard
North Bay



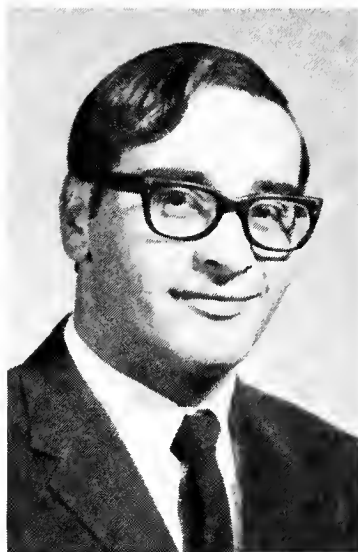
Lynne Daoust
Batchawana Bay



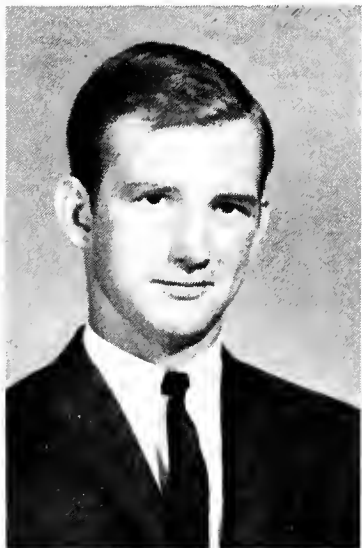
Catherine Davidson
Copper Cliff



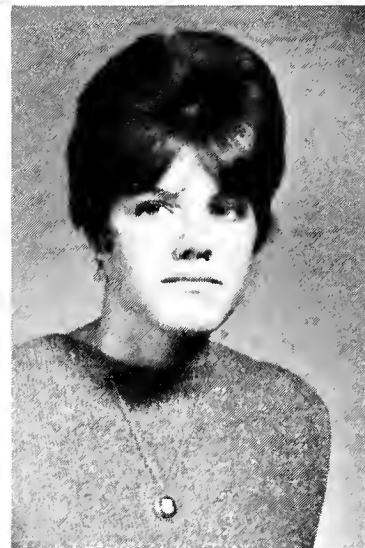
Edward DePasquale
Sault Ste. Marie



Dino DeRosa
Sault Ste. Marie



Thomas Dool
Sault Ste. Marie



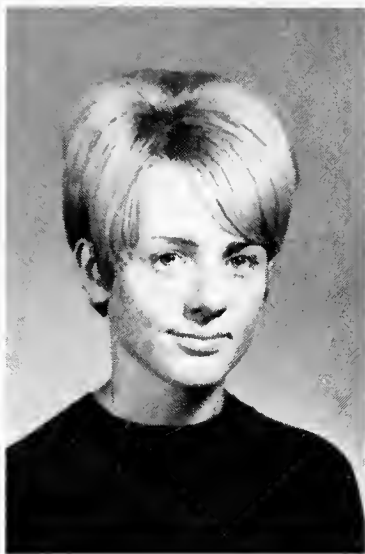
Muriel Dow
Sudbury



Maureen Downey
Capreol



Tamara Dreher
Restoule



Roxanne Duffy
Orillia



Matthew Duncan
Sault Ste. Marie



Robert Duncan
Sault Ste. Marie



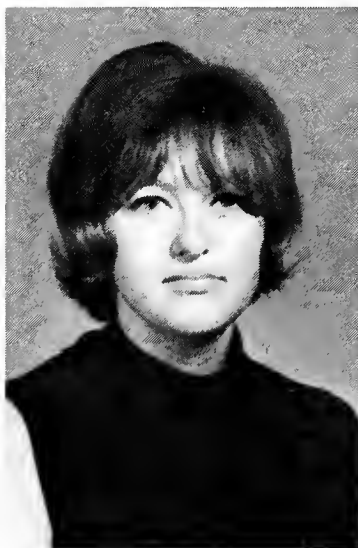
Joanne Dunnigan
Garson



Yvonne Durkac
Creighton Mine



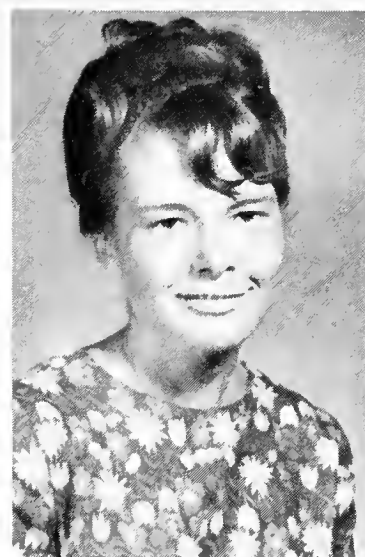
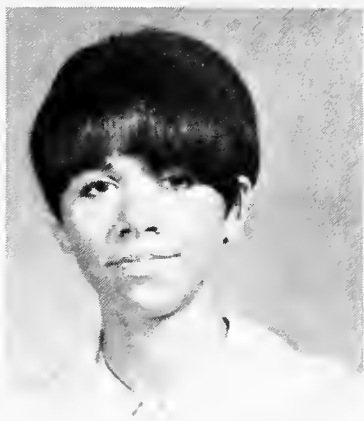
Nicola Dusick
Levack



Elizabeth Dwyer
South Porcupine



Lucy Dyko
Sudbury



Carol Ede
North Bay



Ruth Edwards
Thornloe

May Ellerton
Englehart



Janet England
McKellar



Robert Evans
Brampton



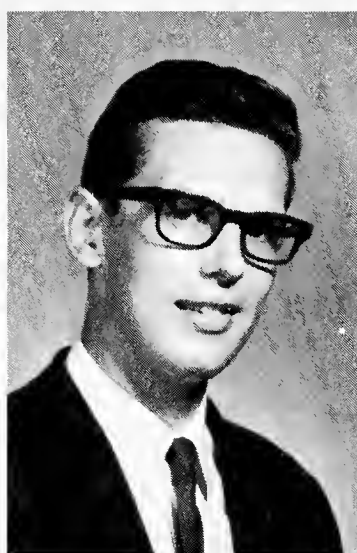
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South Porcupine

Sharon Fennessey
Sault Ste. Marie

Richard Ferron
North Bay



Anne Figures
Sault Ste. Marie



Arthur Fink
Sault Ste. Marie

Form



Lorraine Fisher
Wikwemikong

Six



Karen Flaherty
Parry Sound



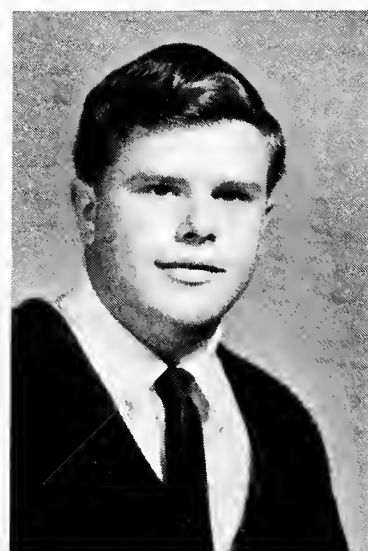
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Sandra Flynn
Timmins



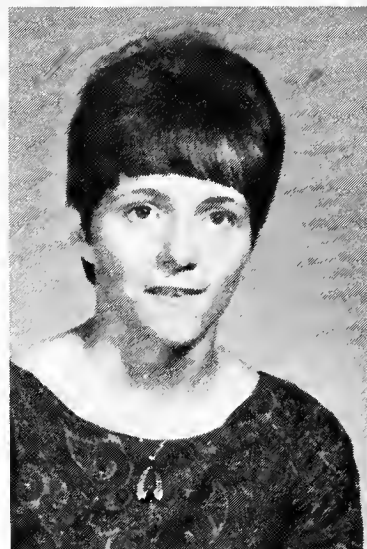
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Kirkland Lake



Paul Forster
Sault Ste. Marie



Gail Forsyth
Sudbury



Marlene Foster
Ophir



Pauline Fougere
Capreol



Carol Fox
Schumacher



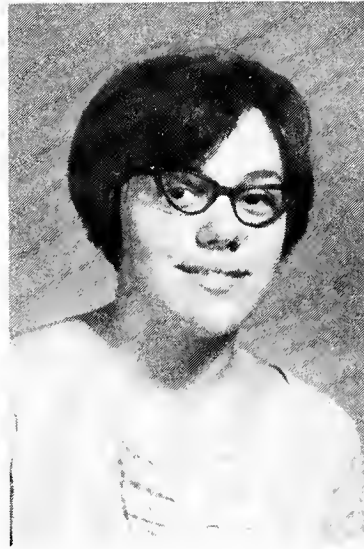
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Sudbury



Andrew French
Levack



Lori Fry
Commanda



Ellen Gagan
Walford Station



James Gerhart
Sudbury



Linda Gobbo
Coniston



Margaret Golden
Sudbury



Dianne Graham
Kagawong



Douglas Grant
North Bay



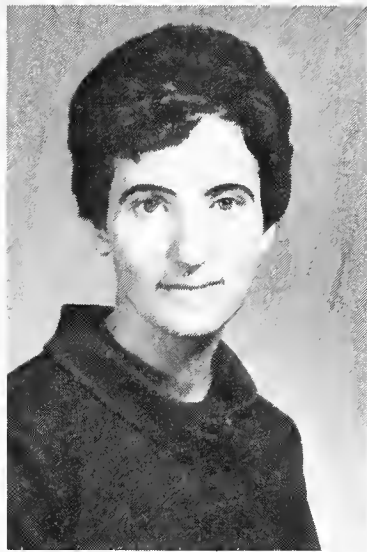
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Elliot Lake



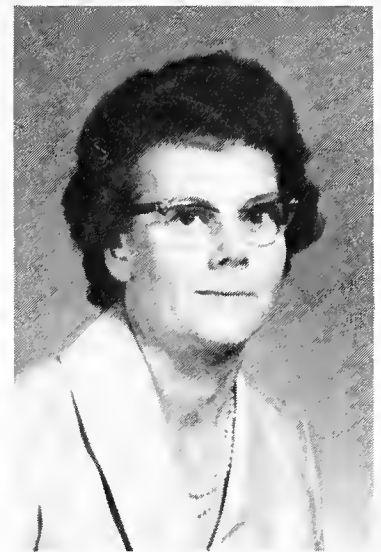
Dianne Haacke
Porcupine



Dianne Hampson
Utterson



Lenore Harris
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Elizabeth Hayward
(Mrs.)
Worthington



Lyn Heise
Little Current



Dennis
Henderson
Sault Ste. Marie



Helen
Henderson
Cobalt



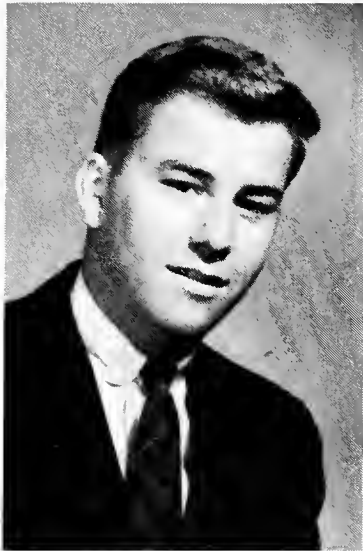
Mary Hill
Sault Ste. Marie



Ronald
Hinschberger
Golden Valley



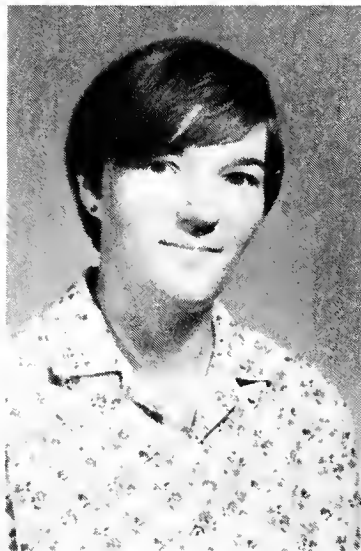
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(Mrs.)
Algoma Mills



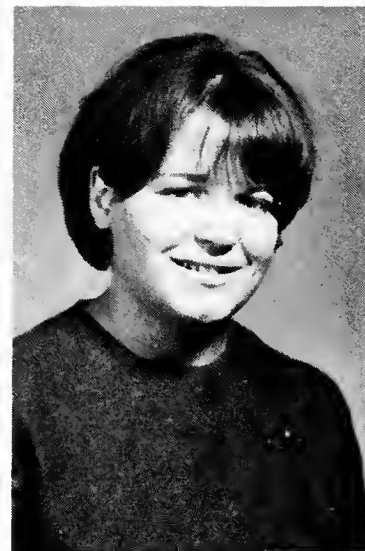
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Sudbury



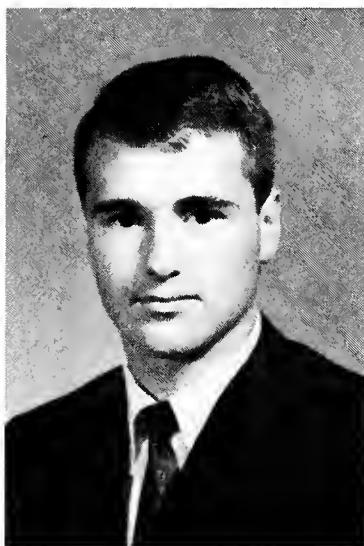
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Margaret Haggett
Porcupine



Sandra Holmes (Mrs.)
Gravenhurst

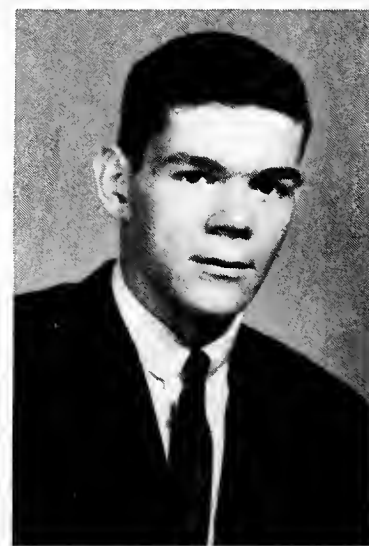


Wayne Hopkins
North Bay

Form Seven



Wayne Hugli
Coniston



Stuart Ivy
Kapuskasing



David Jaggard
Manitowaning



Willi Janssen
Naughton



Kenna Johns
Sault Ste. Marie



Dorothy Kells
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Cheryl Kennard
Schumacher



Judy Kerr
Sault Ste. Marie



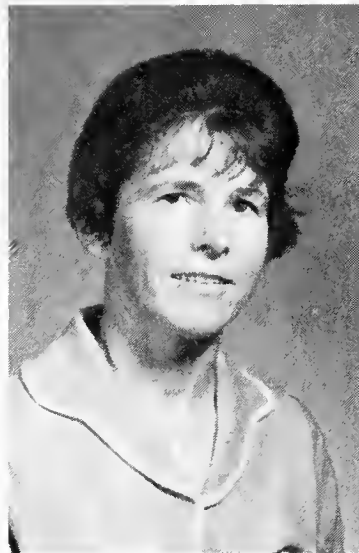
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Sault Ste. Marie



Ann Kirk
North Bay



Janice Klemp
Sudbury



Denilde Knight
(Mrs.)
Port Carling



Sirpa Kokkonen
South Porcupine



Timothy Kritsch
Sudbury



Anita Laakso
Sudbury



Raymond
Lamarche
Iroquois Falls



Dawn-Marie Lang
Sudbury



Linda Anne Lauzon
Hanmer



Linda Marie Lauzon
Sault Ste. Marie



Robert Lawson
Bracebridge



Richard Lazure
Sault Ste. Marie



James Leacock
Sault Ste. Marie



Lavera Leishman
Sault Ste. Marie



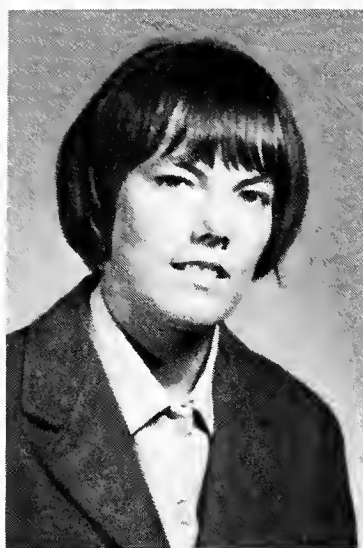
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Sault Ste. Marie



Kathy Lidstone
Bracebridge



Christine Liinamaa
Sudbury



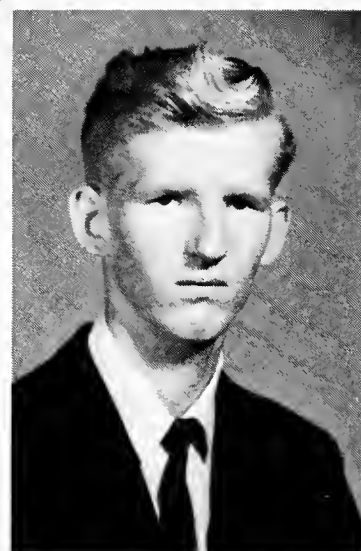
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Espanola



Carol Lisowski
Sudbury



Carol Little
North Bay



Joseph Little
Connaught



Helen Locke
Virginiatown



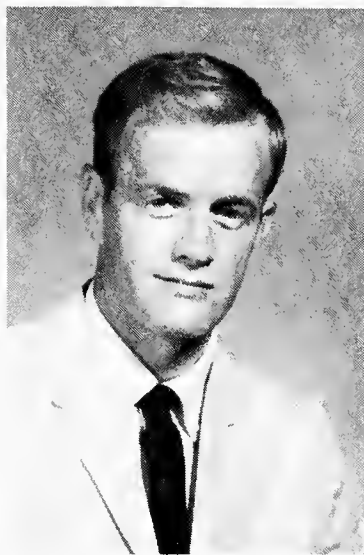
Marja Louka
Kirkland Lake



Pamela Lowe
North Bay



Sheldon Lowe
Sudbury



Craig MacGillivray
Sault Ste. Marie



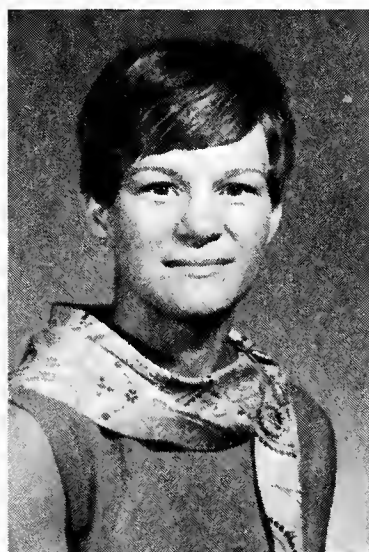
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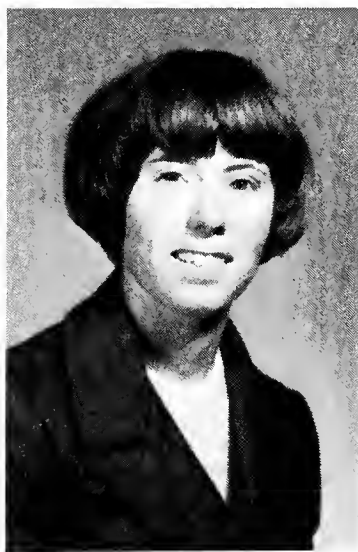
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Capreol



Nelda Maguire
Cochrane



Judy Mahaffy
North Bay



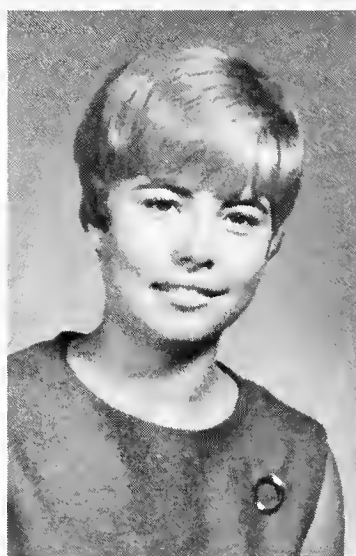
Santa Maniacco
Sault Ste. Marie

Sandra Manthorne
Sudbury

Patricia Marks
North Bay



David McArthur
Sault Ste. Marie



Linda McCartney
Kapuskasing



Marilyn McCauley
Sault Ste. Marie



Donna McDonald
Sudbury



Susan McGruther
Creighton Mine



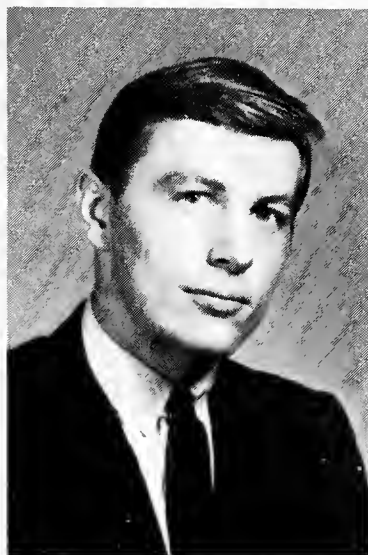
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Gravenhurst



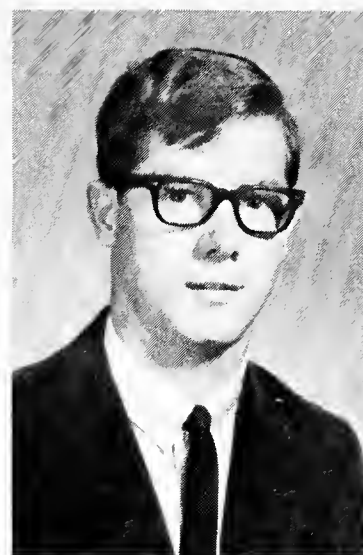
Douglas McKinnon
Sudbury



Jane McLean
Gore Bay



Bruce McLeod
North Bay



Albert McMillan
South Porcupine



Mary Ellen Medley
Falkenburg



Grace Merrifield
Sault Ste. Marie



Kaye Mearylees
Gore Bay



Stephen Mills
Sault Ste. Marie



Bertha Miron
Sudbury



Linda Mohns
Dowling



Ritva Mollari
Sault Ste. Marie



Carole Monaghan
Sudbury



Caryn Montigny
Schumacher



Florence Moore
Cochrane



Kenneth Morgan
North Bay



Brenda Musico
Sudbury



Ronald Nadjiwon
Copper Cliff



Bonnie Nenczyn
Sault Ste. Marie



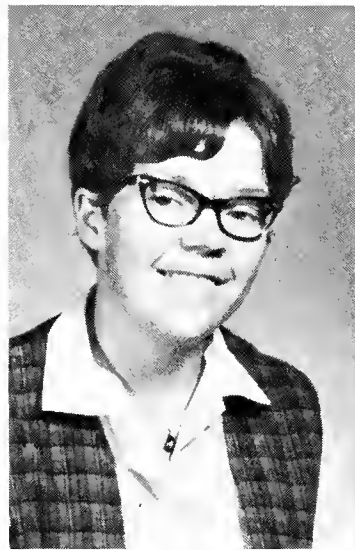
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Elliot Lake



Edwin Nicholls
Gravenhurst



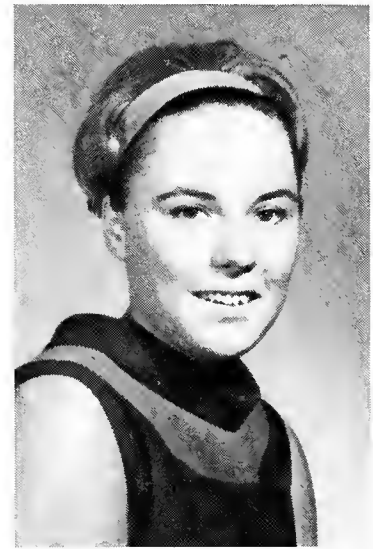
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Sault Ste. Marie



Judith Niemi
Sault Ste. Marie



Jennifer Nordahl
Kapuskasing



Sharon Norton
Sudbury



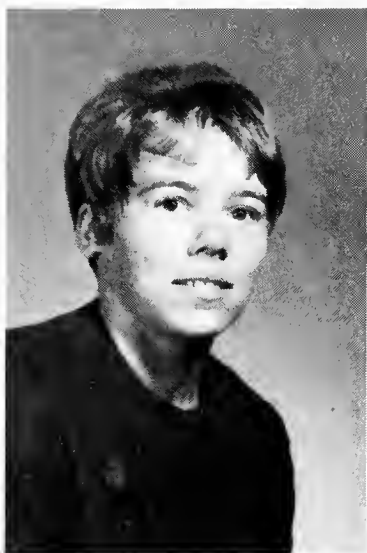
Darrel O'Halloran
Sprucedale



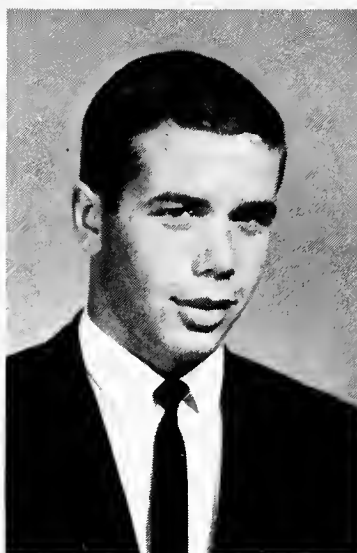
Nancy Pandolfi
Schumacher

Form

Nine



Sharon Patterson
Smooth Rock Falls



Michael Pire
South Porcupine



Jo-Anne Plastino
Sault Ste. Marie



Denise Pronovost
Cochrane



Kathleen Proud
New Liskeard



Nancy Purich
Chapleau



Karen Rafter
North Bay



Carol Renko
Noranda



Brian Reynolds
Hunstville



Doryne Richardson
South Porcupine



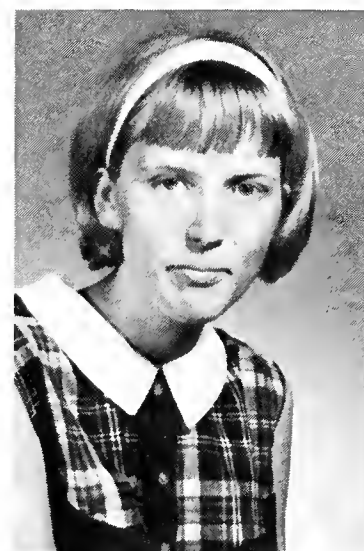
Lee Richmond (Mrs.)
North Bay



Pamela Riehl
Garson



Amy Rigaux
Sudbury



Carol Risk
Creighton Mine



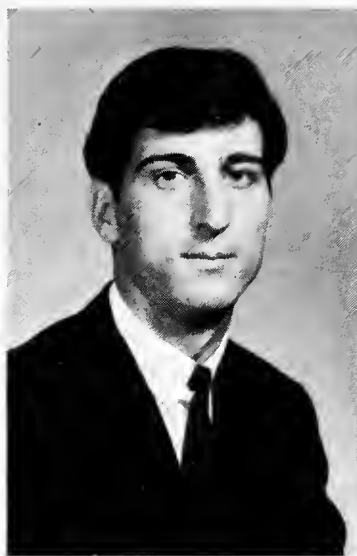
Louise Robson
Sudbury



Carmelina Rossi
Sault Ste. Marie



John Rutland
North Bay



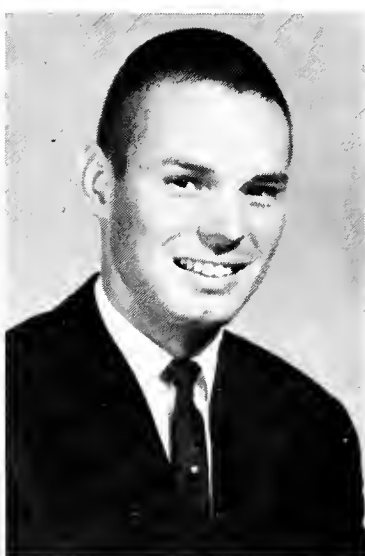
Dominic Sanguiliano
South Porcupine



Jean Scarfore
Sault Ste. Marie



Gabriele Schler
Sudbury



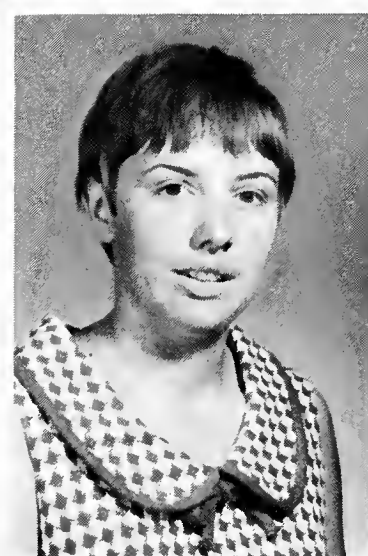
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Sudbury



Gilbert Seguin
Creighton Mine



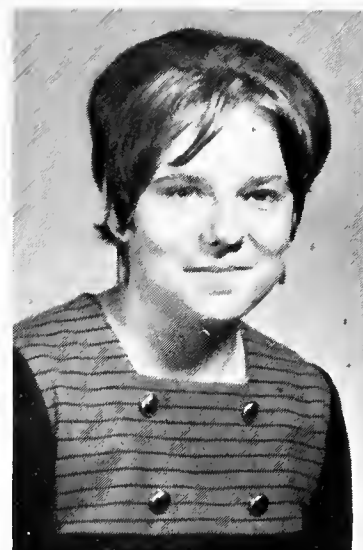
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Val Caron



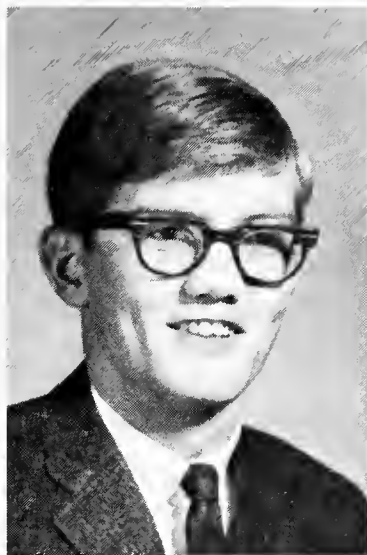
Judith Shand
Sault Ste. Marie



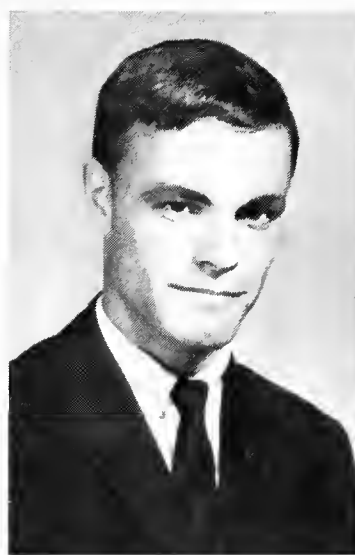
Catherine Sharpe
Sault Ste. Marie



Joan Shelp
Virginiatown



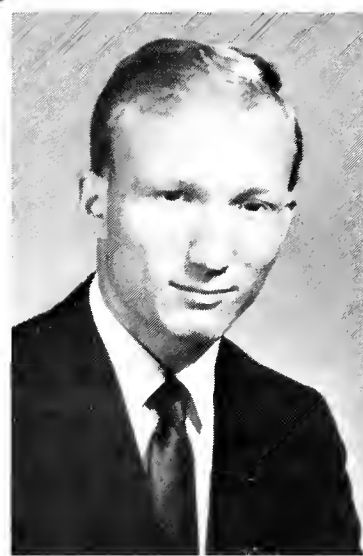
James Sime
Lively



David Smith
Kirkland Lake



Kathleen Soltys
Sault Ste. Marie



Gerald Sorel
Capreol



Lynne Spencer
Sudbury



Christene Stanfield
Sault Ste. Marie



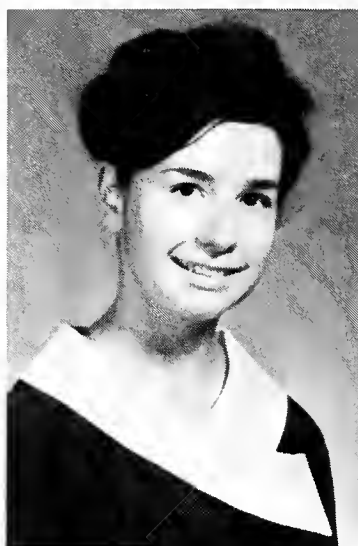
Mary Starling
South Porcupine

Form



Judith Stibler
Capreol

Ten



Sandra Stone
Sault Ste. Marie



Phyllis Stoner
Kearney



Patricia Sutherland
North Bay



Carol Swan
Sault Ste. Marie



Mary Szkutowicz
Kapuskasing



Linda Tilley
Kirkland Lake



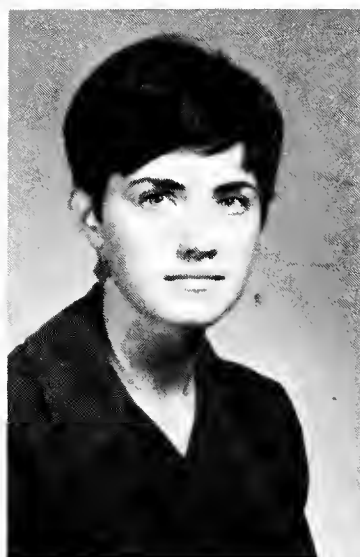
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Monteith



Helen Toner
Montrock



Lynda Torgerson
Sault Ste. Marie



Glenda Tuttle
Lively



Caroldene
Vaillancourt
Sault Ste. Marie



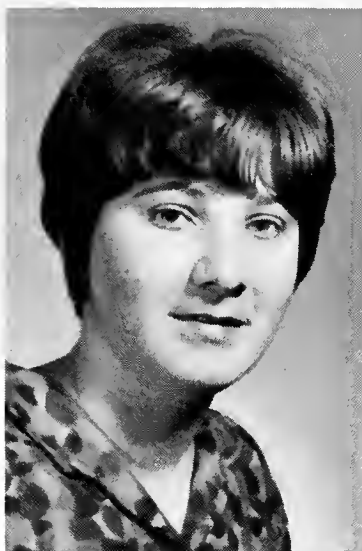
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Vallee
Sault Ste. Marie



Carol Vanderburg
Sault Ste. Marie



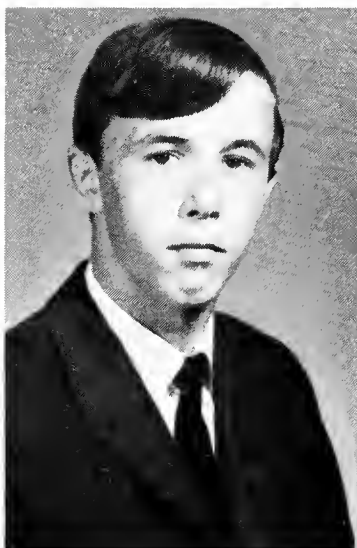
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Smooth Rock Falls



Mary Louise
Van Mierlo
Powassan



Martin Varpio
Sudbury



Bradley Veitch
Utterson



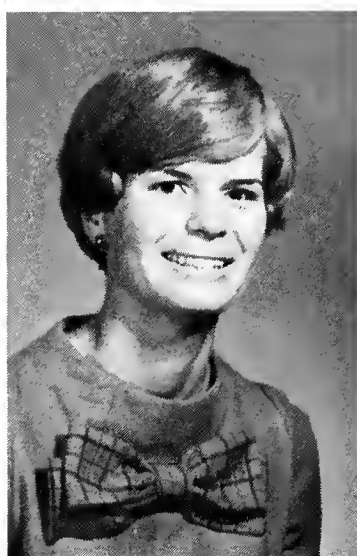
Edward Vizniak
Selkirk



Royce Wall
Mattawa



Cheryl West
Smooth Rock Falls
Falls



Theresa West
Sudbury



Hazel White
New Liskeard



Patricia
Whitehouse
Sudbury



Sharron Whitford
Schumacher

Gwen Whitmore
Sudbury



Roy Whitmore
Sudbury



Sandra Wilkinson
Coniston



Lynn Williams
North Bay

Mary Wilson
Sudbury

Robin Wood
Englehart



Gayle Worrell
Smiths Falls



Kenneth Yasinowski
Sudbury



Ada Zoratto
Sudbury



Robin Gailbraith
Renfrew
Form 5





C. Hoyer



STANDING: Left to Right: Richard Ferron, Jim Gerhart, Marty Varpio, Sheldon Lowe, Steve Mills, John Rutland, Mr. VanDusen.

SITTING: Carol Ann Baldwin, Albert Falconi, Tom Dool, Larry Bouchard, Bonnie Mallett, Miss Stevens.

ABSENT: Mr. Ramsey.

Students' Council

President	-	Tom Dool
Vice-President	-	Al Falconi
Treasurer	-	Larry Bouchard
Secretary	-	Carol Ann Baldwin
Councillors	-	Martin Varpio
		John Rutland
		Bonnie Mallitt
		Jim Gerhart
		Richard Ferron
		Steve Mills
		Sheldon Lowe

From their meetings on Monday nights, the Students' Council, consisting of the eleven members listed, have conscientiously programmed school - student policies. The many activities initiated and carried on by the council included dances, the Hallowe'en Dance, the Remembrance Day Service, the Winter Formal and the Christmas Assembly - all successes. The Winter Carnival, the highlight weekend of the year, and the Graduation exercises are still in the future.

This year the Students' Council attempted to draft a much needed constitution for use by succeeding councils.

Speaking as a council member I can truthfully say that the students' council of 1967 and 1968 have enjoyed working with and for the student body of North Bay Teachers' College.

N.B.T.C. Choir



This year some 75 voices under the direction of Mr. Curtis, enjoyed an active musical season. Officers were elected early in the year: President, Bonnie Mallett; Vice-President, Christine Lundy; Secretary-Treasurer, Nancy Merritt; Librarian, Constance Belsito; Attendance Officer, Edwin Nicholls; Pianists, Colleen Orr and Margaret Rodgers.

A very active season was opened with a Christmas day television programme over CFCH. The choir also performed at the Christmas assembly. In the New Year the choir entertained the "old folks" at Cassellholme and the patients at the Ontario Hospital. At the year's end, we participated in the Kiwanis Music Festival and also sang for the closing exercises of the college in May.

All was not work for the choir. A sleigh ride was enjoyed by all the members, and a hot supper followed.

A great deal of time and work was put into each rehearsal and performance but the musical experience was most rewarding to all members.



Le Club Français

Essayons de souligner en moins d'une page, espace qui nous est réservé, les ACTIVITÉS du groupe de français. En octobre et en novembre nous avons profité de nos rencontres pour monter quelques saynètes que nous avons présentées à la salle académique en décembre. Au programme figuraient les numéros suivants: QUI PERD GAGNE, LE RÉQUISITIONNAIRE, quelques poèmes et chants mimés, un film commenté et comme pièce de résistance L'ÉCOLE NORMALE DE 1927 où nous nous en sommes donnés à coeur joie à caricaturer les professeurs actuels. Depuis Noël nous avons essayé nos ailes dans d'autres domaines. Les poètes à l'oeuvre ont su créer de véritables chef-d'oeuvres. Nous le groupe de français tenons à nous distinguer, non comme groupe à part, mais voulons bien nous insérer au sein de tout groupe existant, et par notre gaieté et notre enthousiasme, être de vrais ambassadeurs de la belle langue seconde que nous comptons enseigner dès septembre prochain.



Left to Right: Jackie Horsfall, Eleanor Taylor, Heather Guse, Ann Kirk, Pam Lowe.

The Red Cross Club

Christmas 1967 was a memorable one for sixty-eight children at the Longlac Indian Day School because of the efforts of the Red Cross Committee. Through the hard work of this committee and the enthusiastic response of the student body, gifts were sent to the girls and boys at the Longlac School to help brighten an otherwise dull Christmas Day. The delight of the children was reflected in the thank-you letters received after Christmas and proudly displayed in the halls in the college.

Although this was the only major project the Red Cross Club had time to deal with this year it was considered extremely successful.



Left to Right: Pauline Fougere, Royce Wall, Janet DeLuco, Dennis Henderson, Kathleen Proud, Bradley Veitch, Judy Alderson, Mr. Bell.

ABSENT: Ida Rocco, Angela Ciccone, Gerry Sorel, Bob Duncan.

United Nations Club

On October 16 with the aid of Mr. Bell, the North Bay Teachers' College United Nations Club for 1967 was formed and officers were chosen. The organization began its yearly activities with an address by our president to the student body on United Nations day, October 24. Due to good student participation, our UNICEF fund raising campaign and our U.N. Christmas Card sales were a success. On December 10, Human Rights Day, our members gladly accepted an invitation to participate in a panel discussion on prejudice and discrimination held by the United Nations Association of North Bay in conjunction with human rights planning committees throughout Northern Ontario at the Public Library Auditorium. Our members also constructed a meaningful bulletin board display on the main floor of the college concerning human rights which is often conspicuous with its absence throughout the world. Our weekly noon hour meetings involve stimulated debates about important issues. We are certain that with continued support by our members and the interest of the student body as a whole, the club will carry on for the remainder of the year as a great credit to North Bay Teachers' College.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Royce Wall, Dene Vaillancourt, Ray Lamarche, Sandra Stone, Bradley Veitch, Mr. Reed.

Science Club

The science club was formed so that students who were interested in certain fields of science could do some extracurricular work in these fields. The meetings were on Tuesdays after school and at these we studied certain aspects of science not dealt with in our course and we busied ourselves making teaching materials to be used in our years as a teacher. The executive this year was made up of Raymond Lamarche, President; Caroldene Vaillancourt, Vice-President; Sandra Stone, Secretary Treasurer and Royce Wall and Bradley Veitch, representatives. The staff advisor was Mr. Reed and many thanks go out to him for having given us so much of his time and so many of his ideas.



STANDING, Left to Right: Sharon Fennessey, Ellen Sinclair, Anita Laakso, Ruth Edwards, Heather Guse, Dianne Haacke, May Ellerton.
SEATED: Marja Louko, Sharon Springer, Linda Mohns, Mary Hill.

The Teachers' Christian Fellowship Club

The purpose behind this club is expressed in its motto "To Know Christ and to make Christ known".

It is hoped that through the activities and discussions carried on in the weekly meetings that each individual will be able to apply this motto to herself or himself.

Through the year, we propose to have several activities in co-operation with colleges in the North Bay district.

Already we have been privileged to have Dr. John Wesley White and his four talented sons with us on the 16th of December.

We are especially grateful to Mr. Ramsey for sponsoring our group and also to Dr. Jean Young for her faithfulness in speaking each week to the group.



STANDING, Left to Right: Arthur Fink, Suzanne Perigord, Garth Beattie, Larry Bouchard,
ABSENT: Edith Blakely.

Drama Presents the Group at Large

The most common question that is raised about this group is its choice of such a singularly original and unique title. The questionable behaviour of its members may provide some clue!

Doubtful or no, T.G.A.L. has done and is planning some worthwhile and creditable undertakings. The success of the Café Noir began it all and the Christmas Assembly, the Choral Reading and the Variety Night will provide some more enjoyable minutes for the student teacher.



Left to Right: Tim Kritsch, guitar and singer; Cliff Gervais, bass, organ; Matt Duncan, drums; Al Falconi, saxophone and clarinet.

BEHIND: Ellie Binder, go-go dancer.

ABSENT: Paul Forester, bass guitar.

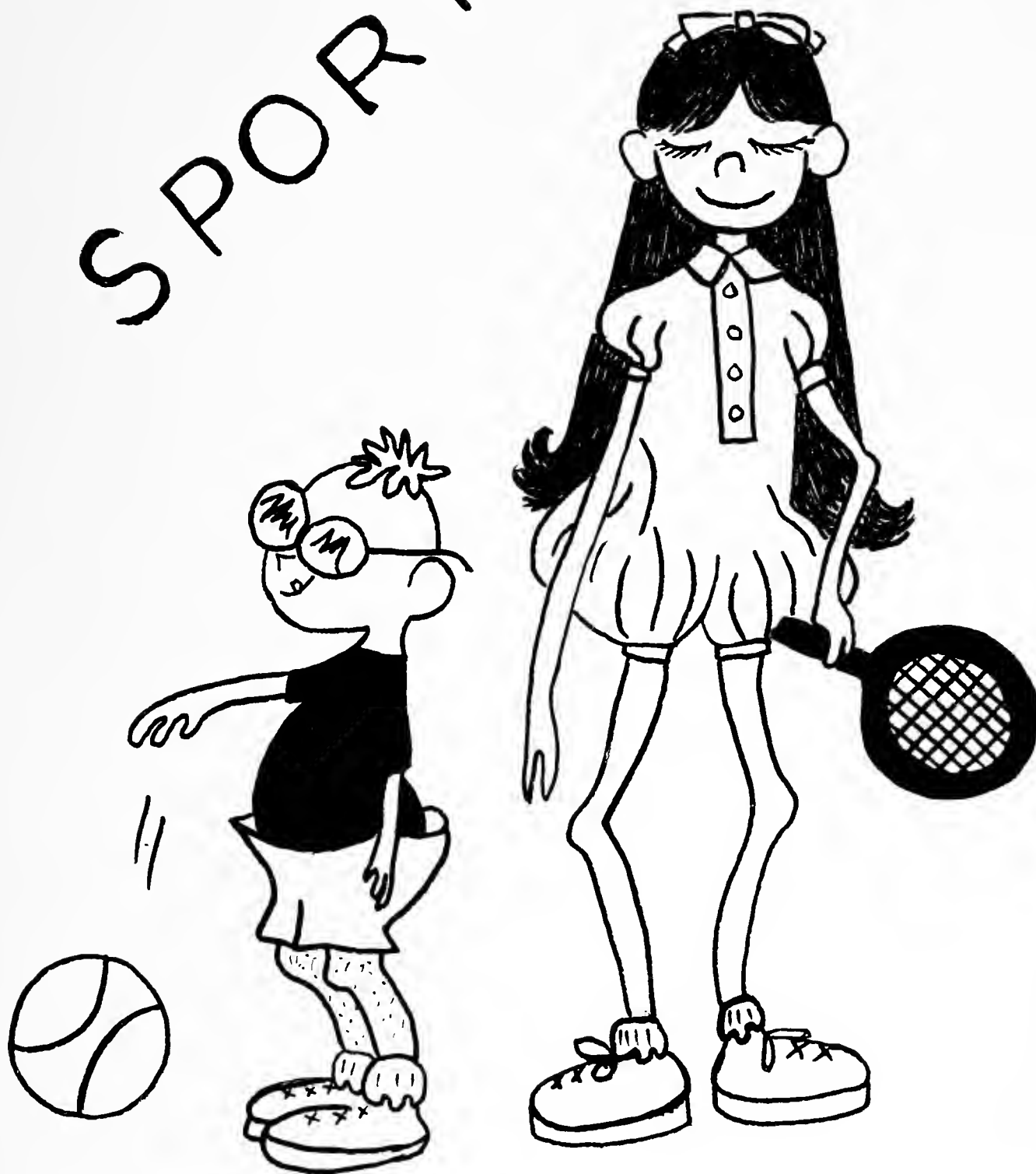
The Sound

Take a group of musicians, mix liberally with a desire "to jam" and "The Sound" was born. After a successful debut at the "Café Noir", where they backed up songstress Carol-Anne Baldwin, go-go dancer, Ellie Binder and singer Art Fink, "The Sound" continued to make frequent appearances at the weekly N. B. T. C. dances.

A unique musical contribution was also made by a couple of the members of the band, Matt Duncan and Tim Kritsch, who tried their hand at composing. Their efforts provided N. B. T. C. with a new song entitled "The Team".

Many thanks are extended to this student group, not only for the entertainment they provided but also for the memories that their music helped form.

SPORTS



67-68

C. Meyer



STANDING: Left to Right: Jerry Boucher, Jackie Horsfall, Chris Stanfield, Gwen Whitmore, Marianne Czuis, Dianne Graham.

SEATED: Mr. Husband, Jane Boorse, Stuart Ivy, Albert McMillan, Jim Barkley.

The Intramural Athletic Council

The 1968 Intramural Athletic Council organized student athletic events during the year.

However the functions organized by this group depended largely on the enthusiastic participation of the student body. It was this support that made our volleyball games, Winter Carnival, and other events so successful and to each student we extend our thanks.

We on the Executive, Stuart Ivy - president, Albert "Butch" McMillan - secretary, and Jane Boorse - treasurer, would also like to thank Mr. Husband, our staff advisor, whose aid during the year was invaluable.



Left to Right: Garth Beattie, Dave Smith, Mrs. Hoeberg, Andy French.

Curling Club

Curling has been a great success this year due to the large number of eager participants, forming sixteen evenly balanced teams. Basic instructions were given to beginning curlers at the start of the schedule. These people are now performing with the skill and knowledge of Briar Champions. A bonspiel is being planned to climax this season's curling with prizes being given to the winning teams.

From the delivery of the first rock to the last take out, I am sure we will all remember this season's curling as a pleasant and happy experience.

We would like at this time to extend our thanks to Mr. VanDusen and Mr. Bell for their time and help in organizing this club for the student body.

Dave Smith - President

CURLING TEAMS

TEAM I Reg. Butcher Jeanne McKenzie Linda Hubley Anne Oliver	TEAM II Bruce McLeod Sandra Flynn Marilyn McCulley Steve Mills	TEAM III Larry Bouchard Karen Prentice Cheryl West Linda Lauzon	TEAM IV John Burns Donald Liboiron Marlene Bourdeau Doreen Aikens	TEAM V David Smith Bonnie Mallett Sharon Patterson Kathy Soltys	TEAM VI Mrs. Jean Cox Kay Vane Harry Witzzenhausen Dennis Henderson	TEAM VII A. French Mary Starling Andre Mailloux Pat Sheridan
TEAM VIII Mrs. Verna Hoeberg Richard Hofford Garth Beattie Dianne Haacke	TEAM IX Jennifer Nordall Jim Sime Don Bradley Grace Merrifield	TEAM X Helen Locke Ray Lamarche Ron Prefasi Linda Fleming	TEAM XI Joan Shelp Ann Forcellini Bob Duncan Kathleen Proud	TEAM XII Heather Lennie Dennis Fraser Ron Pigeau Margaret Hoggett	TEAM XIII M. Coulter Nancy Merritt J. Clark Bob Clubbe	TEAM XIV Betty Trudeau Butch McMillan Ron Nadjiwon Ann Figures
TEAM XV Christine Stanfield Judy Kerr D. Richardson Louise Robson	TEAM XVI Carol Little Pauline Fougere J. Point Sandra Wilkinson	SPARES: Roxanne Duffy Cathie Davidson Kathy O'Hara K. Fenato Gilda Gregoris Nicole Cote Christine Lundy	Mario Bertotti Suzanne Perigord Diane Cantin Wayne Hopkins J. Shand Heather Guse Rachelle Bedard Jim Coulson	L. Berilli Beth Butler C. Belsito C. Lisowski Brenda Blakeley Glenda Tuttle Marjo Louko L. Bennett	M. Boyce M. Szkutowicz D. McKenzie D. McDonald L. Robson Adreanna Napelli Jennifer Adams Mary Cruickshank	Mary Ellen Medley Susan Isaacson L. Tilley C. Vanderburg D.M. Lang

The N.B.T.C. Bowling League



STANDING: Gilbert Seguin, Dave Cannel, Mr. Barnett.

SITTING: Beverly Barker.

ABSENT: Lavera Leishman.

Our bowling league for the school year 1967/68 had 104 members. The league consisted of 16 teams; each team having approximately 6 players. Bowling was every Wednesday afternoon at 4:01 (with the exception of practice teaching weeks, holidays, and examination times) at the Empire Bowling Alley.

Our president was Dave Cannel, Vice-president; Gilbert Seguin, Secretary; Lavera Leishman, Treasurer; Beverley Barker, our staff advisor; Mr. Barnett. We enjoyed a very successful season.

N.B.T.C. Hockey Team



STANDING, Left to Right: David Jaggard, Craig MacGillvary, John Burns, Willi Janssen, Jim McLean, Richard Lazure, Jim Gerhart, Ron Hinschberger, Jerry Boucher.

SEATED: Wayne Viita, Phil Bourgeois, Jim Leacock, Mr. Dufresne, Alex Crane, Gilbert Seguin, Wayne Hopkins.

The 1967-68 hockey season saw the beginning of a new league involving three colleges; Teachers' College, Nipissing College, and Cambrian College. Under their capable coach, Mr. Dufresne, they started the schedule off right, clubbing Cambrian 4-0. This was a beginning of their fight for the first league championship. They received great support, exemplifying a school spirit that will increase in the next few years.

Goal: Richard Lazure

Defensemen: Wayne Hopkins, Ron Hinschberger, Jim Leacock, and Dave Jagger.

Forwards: Jim McLean, Gerry Coucher, Craig McGuilvery, Wayne Viita, Tom Dool, Ron Pigeau, Gilbert Seguin, Alex Crane, Jim Gerhart, Willie Jansen, Phil Bourgeois, and John Burns.

'Enby Teecy'

Let's sing about the happy days we spend at Teachers' College The

fountain head of all North Bay's Pedagogic knowledge

REFRAIN:

Happy teachers we shall be, Future of the nation we,

rit. a tempo
Then we shall remember thee, Our dear old Teachers' College.

2. We gladly mind our P's and Q's
And study motivation;
We are disciples of the Muse
Of Primary Education.

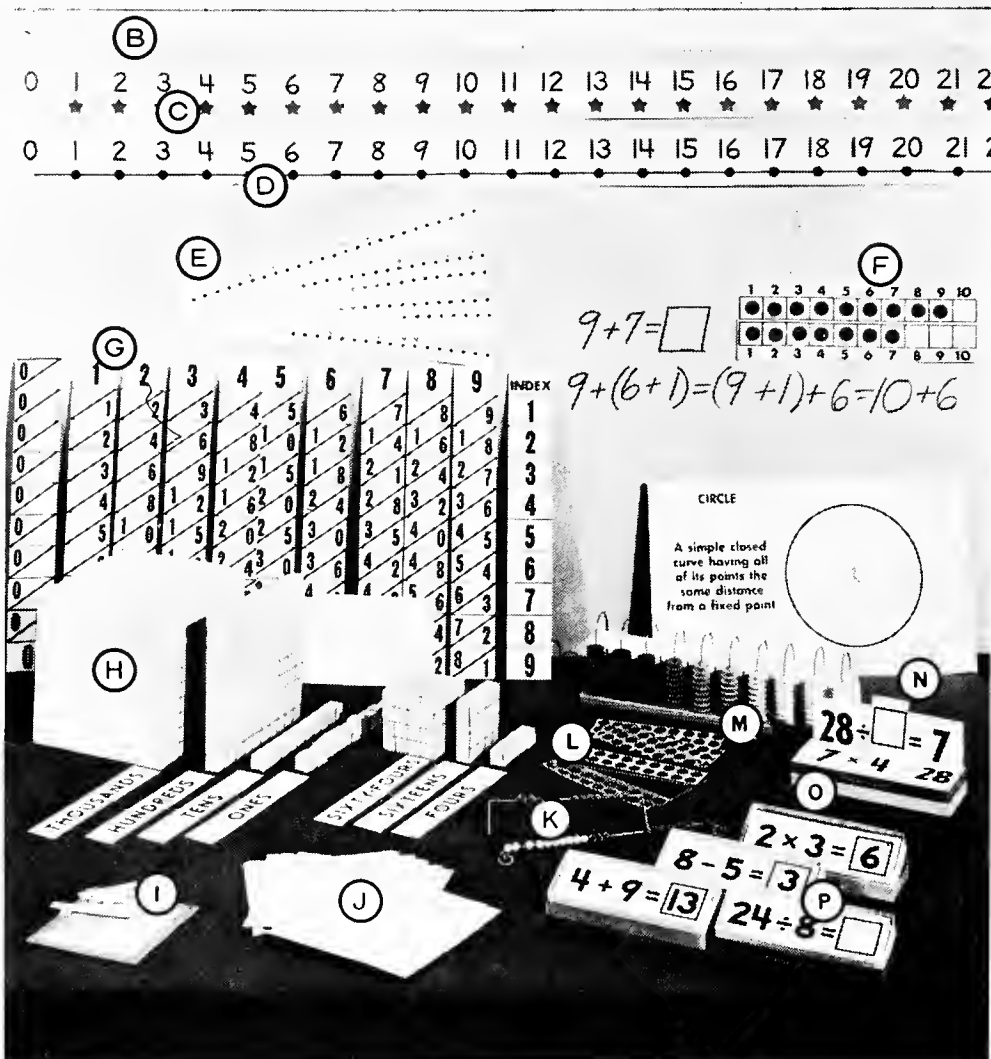
(Refrain)

3. With phonics, films, and fancies free
Bewildering our classes,
We try our teaching artistry
On little lads and lasses.

(Refrain)

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booklet and...

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- E Pupil's Number Line**—Each student has own—2" x 24", plastic-coated for repeated use with wax crayon. Numerals from 0 to 25. **No. 780...\$1.35 dz.**
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- G Napier's Rods**—Reinforces multiplication facts and checks compound multiplication. 3" x 24" teacher's rods plus 40 blank student's sets. **No. 784...\$4.65**
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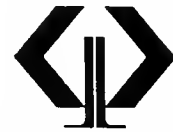
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Dr. J.A. Corry, principal, in an address October 30, 1967 at a special convocation to mark the 125th anniversary of the commencement of classes at Queen's University.

We urge teachers to continue their educations, and invite their inquiries regarding our Summer School and Correspondence programs. Please write to:

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to the Teaching Profession and to the women students who expect to teach in a public school.

WELCOME

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Best wishes for a successful and enjoyable career.

Annabell McNaughton, Leamington
President.



C. Dwyer

Man... This Was Cool!



Let's Go



Hooked!!



Collapse . . .

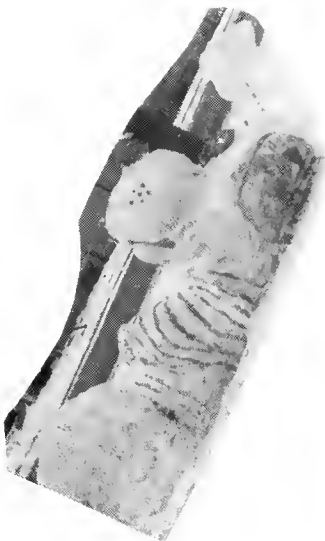
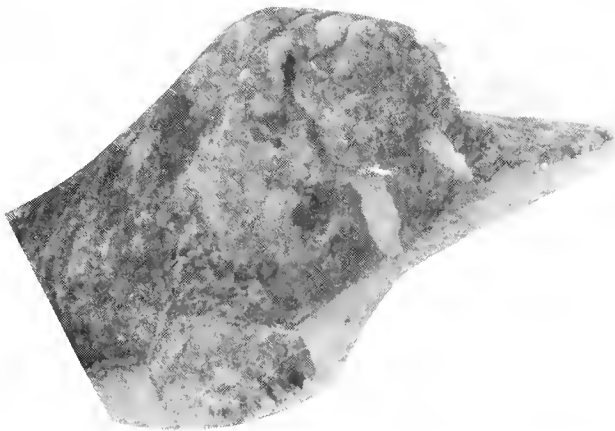


Gentle Assistance??

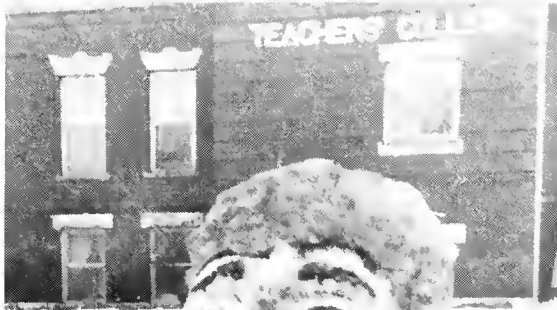
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Before



Oh! How we
Danced...

After



Northern Beauties



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Ritva
Mollari

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Christmas Assembly



Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation



Greetings to our Associates in the Teachers' Colleges.

Teaching is the most challenging and the most exacting of professions, yet in many ways it is the most rewarding one. I wish to commend you for your decision to enter this field of endeavour.

Your success as a teacher will depend, in part, on the amount of scholarship and professional knowledge which you possess, and also upon your desire to work with young people. Continued growth in these areas will be necessary if you are to achieve maximum success.

Your Federation has much to offer you in the way of fellowship and professional growth. Participate fully in all of its activities.

May I take this opportunity of wishing you every success in your career as a teacher.

H.C. Redfern,
President
O.P.S.M.T.F.

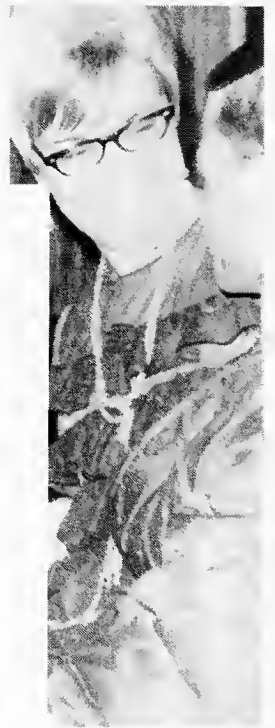
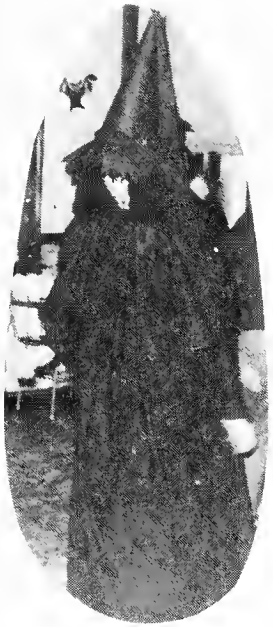
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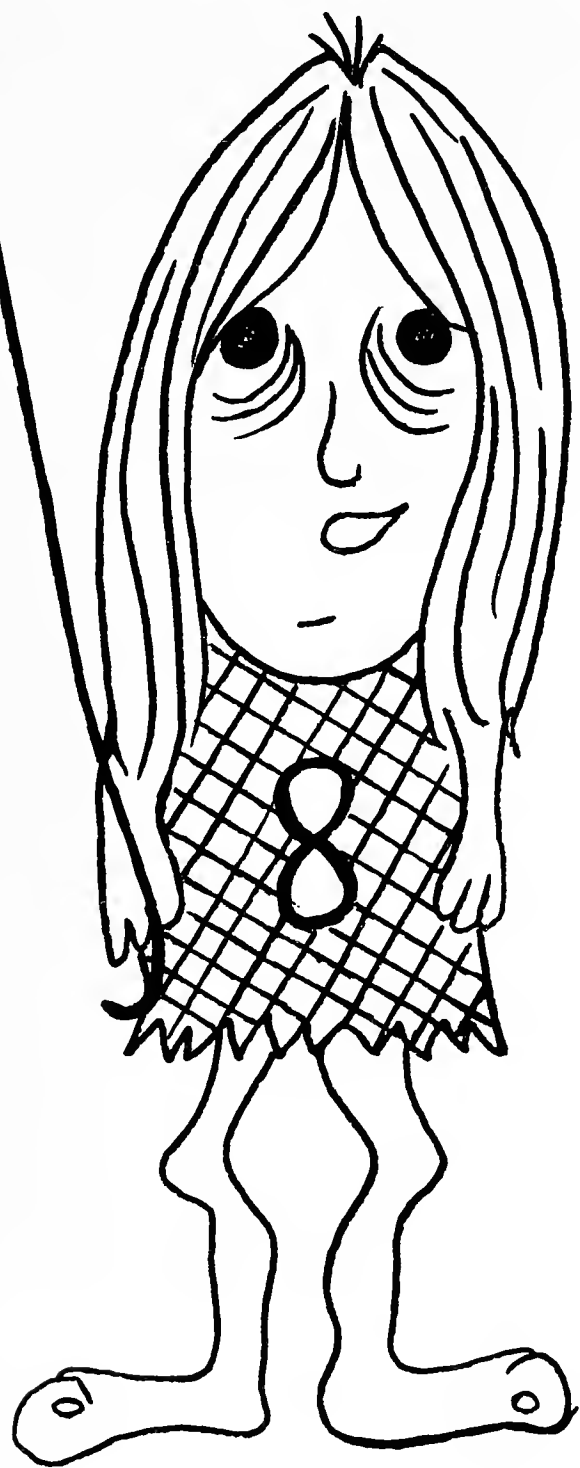
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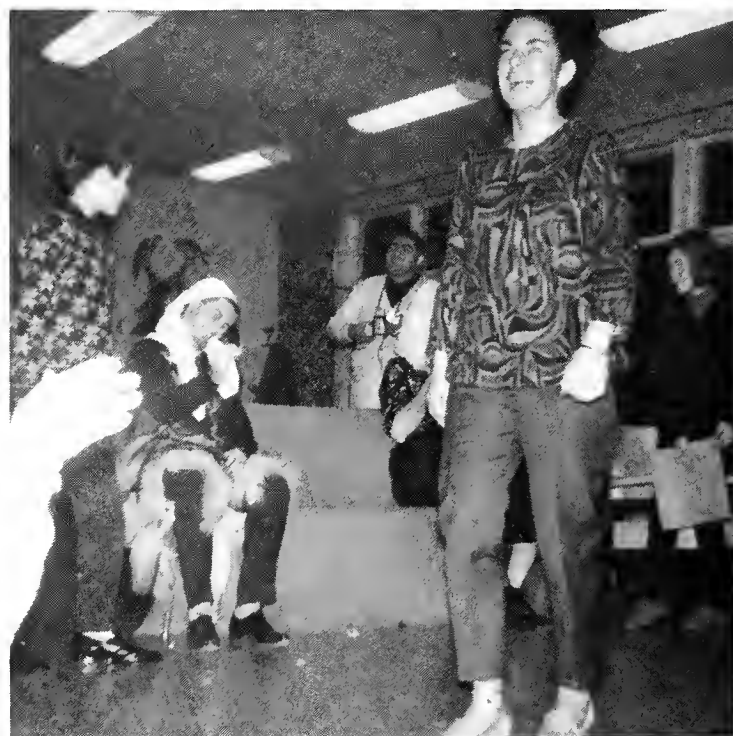
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C. Hanger

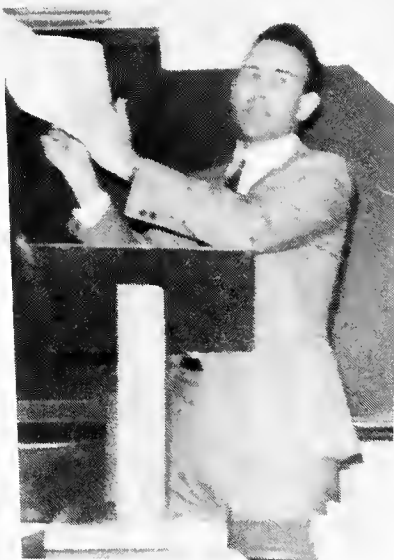


In the Beginning





Dance Lightly???



Consider This . . .



Now, where did I
put that darn pin!



If only I could get that solvent with
my mouth . . .



It's a long way
around!!



It all depends on what you're
looking for.



According to Needham-

. . . But . . . But . . .



The End.





Yesh Please?



Don't laugh, look at
the money I'm making.



Don't be so
DOGMATIC!!



Its all "Airy Fairy"



Where's Mrs. Knight?



Wonder what I got?



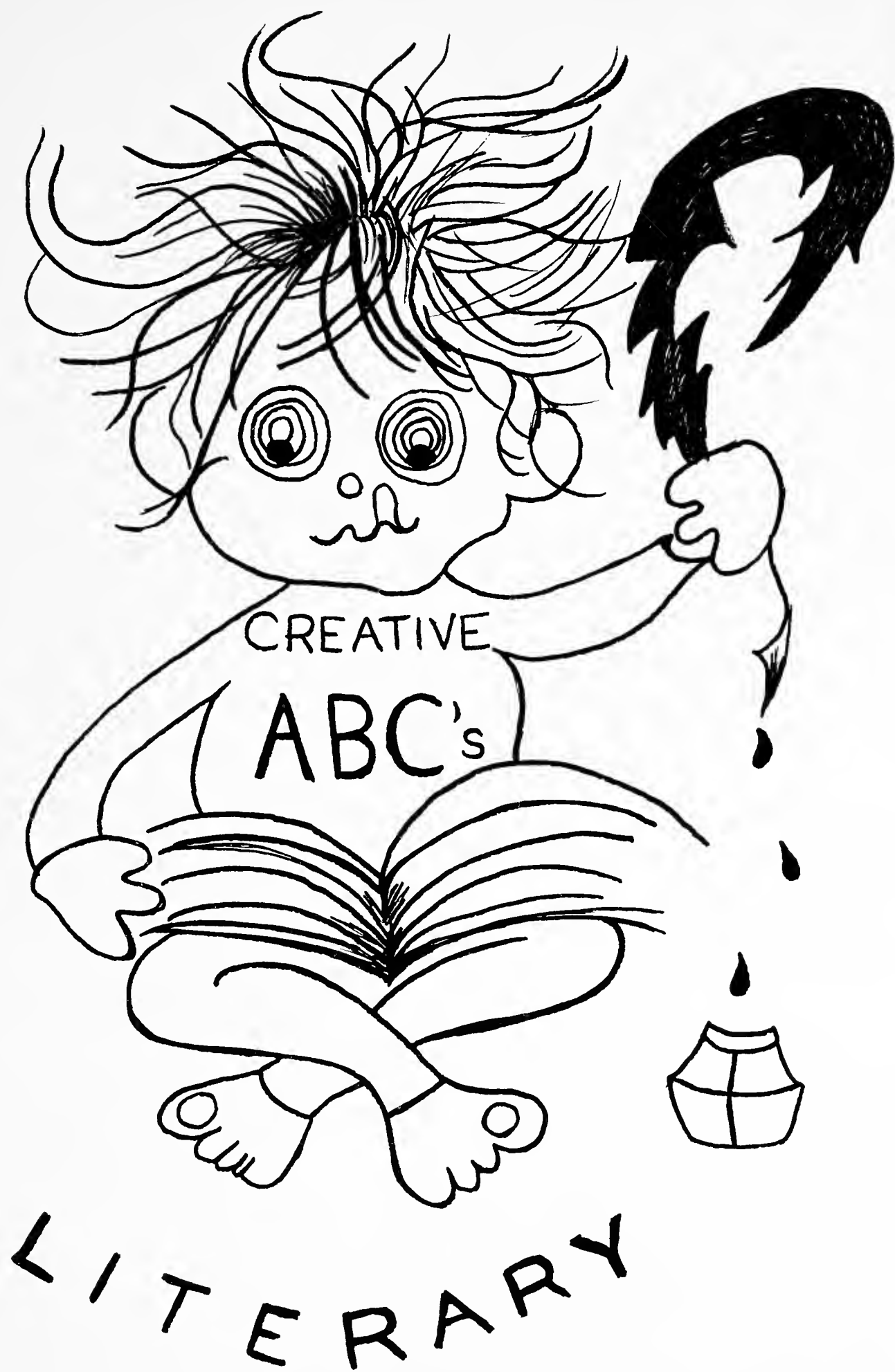
Working on her X. Y. Z.



What do you think?



I've unearthed a
priceless manuscript.



C. Dwyer

REBIRTH

The season of rebirth is here,
And at this time of year
My soul is free.
It is restrained by no man-made barriers,
But soars through heaven's heights
As a lark in her ethereal castle.
And then my soul discovers countless new universes
And plummets through these uncharted vistas.
I am free, free, free,
I rejoice, I laugh, I shout for the worlds to hear,
And my echo careens, reverberates from one planet to another.

From my pinnacle in space's vacuum,
I survey mankind through my cosmic microscope.
How petty, trivial, are the worries and conflicts in which he is
so engrossed.
How ludicrous this miserable vermin appears,
His foibles are the ultimate absurdity.
Swarming, teeming bacteria.

The season of rebirth is here,
And at this time of year
My soul is free.
Spring zephyrs on a mellow spring day,
Balmily blow against my face
And stir my dormant winter limbs until
The chains, the weights, the agonies that encumbered them
Are cast off and fall lifelessly to the ground.
Injected with a potent spring tonic,
I am free now to fly with the wind,
To raise my heart in song to the heavens,
To shriek like a madman.
I am free now, to lie on the grass in a wooded vale
And to smell the good earth,
The damp black earth which gives life to the living--
And refuge to the dying.

For one fleeting moment I will be free
And then, to my cell I will return,
To be its inmate, for perhaps all of time.

Susan McGruther
Form 8

"THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER"

Remember the early misty morns
when shadows stretched
with gentle touch across us both
asleep.
Time stood still and waited on us
in those days;
and nothing feared we
in our youth.

Remember the golden afternoons
warm and lazy,
bent o'er coffee cups
together.
We argued long and sometimes loud
but loved the while;
and nothing feared we
in our youth.

Remember the happy hour we walked
hand in hand,
across the moonlit sand
and laughed.
The moon and stars smiled down on us.
Time was ours;
and nothing feared we
in our youth.

Two foolish children. We should have known
that life waits not-
it cannot, must not check its course
for any man!
How young we were, how much in love!
Time slipped away-
and took with it
our youth and love.

Susan Bamber
Form I

LOVE'S MYSTERY

When asked to express her love for him
She tried, she honestly attempted:
"It is sharing everything and more;
It is missing him when he's not there;
It is being proud of all he does;
It is happiness with streaks of sadness;
It is so very much that
It is unexplainable!"
But inside she knew.

Linda Anne Lauzon
Form 7

MEDITATION

A breeze murmurs
softly
in the desert,
where the warm sands
shift and toss
in restless slumber.
And there,
Far away--
my mind glides aloft
with some winged creature,
God-sent from the timeless bowers
of Paradise.

Here lies my body
in this human labyrinth--
trapped tight within the curbs
of custom
and culture--
guarded only by eyes too eager to see...
lips too quick to destroy.

In silence,
my heart beats to the flesh,
while my mind
uncovers long-buried secrets
and walks in the paths of Kings.

Marjorie Boyce
Form 3

ATTESTATION OF A MAJORITY OF ONE

When They cries out the need for more, more, more,
I count my wealth of family, friends, and happy memories.
When They sighs about the insignificance of one short life span,
I think of the lifetime I have to rejoice for each day,
When They shouts the horrors of war and race riots, and then sits
down;
I hear the words, "Have we not all one father?"
When They practises free-love and infidelity,
I remember the pure true love I share with another.
When They wallows in alcohol and drugs as an answer to problems,
I give thanks for my help in time of trouble.
When They weeps for our decadent society,
I whisper the story of hope--the first Christmas.

They says that I am too idealistic, I need to open my eyes;
I say that I have seen the Light.

Kenna Johns
Form 7

CHECK THAT LIST, MYRT

The door of the dusty blue car opened and a tallman unfolded himself from it. He took out the car's ashtray and knocked it against the gas pump.

"Korn chips all you want?"

"Yeah."

A car hood slammed somewhere. From the darkness of the big garage door appeared the mechanic dressed in greasy green coveralls and wiping his fingers on a piece of old underwear. At the approach of the attendant the gaudy-shirted tourist looked up from his ashtray.

"D'you have any Korn chips?"

"Nope, sorry, don't carry them kind. Windshield?"

At this point the mechanic took from his hip pocket another piece of underwear, slightly cleaner; with this he quickly swabbed the windshield.

A woman's voice from the ear belatedly shrilled out, "Like the ones we got in Vancouver."

"Oh, yes, Vancouver," says the tourist, "Vancouver, lots of interest points there, Yessiree, we couldn't stop long there of course. We've been down through the big timber. Ever seen 'em--like Redwoods. I think I liked them best of all. Gosh, it took us the better part of a day to pass them. I'll take six bags. We need a lot to keep us going the rest of the day. We won't be stopping till 10 p.m. 'Bout how far's Lethbridge from here?"

"Mister, I don't carry Korn Chips! Lethbridge's 'bout twenty-seven, twenty-eight miles northwest of here." There was a tone of finality here.

"Twenty-seven, eh. Got that Myrt -Lethbridge."

Myrt pushed two sticky blond children back from the window and retorted, "I think we 'did' that place already, dear. I'll check the list."

"Yeah, daddy that's where they had all those stinky oil wells."

"Yes, Rick, it's crossed out. We've been north . . ."

There was something in the expression of the mechanic standing with his arms akimbo that suppressed further utterance from her.

The tall man, equally irritated at the idea of having to speed along for the next four hours without food, wedged himself back into the car, slammed the door and revved the motor.

"Well, must be getting on--have to stick to schedule if we're going to 'do' the provinces in two weeks."

The engine roared and the car sped away engulfing the resigned mechanic in a choking cloud of dust. The dust gradually settled and the sun dazzled down strongly as before.

The mechanic knowingly peered up the road at the quickly receding car. He said more to himself than to anyone else, "You meet a lot of folks like that, 'doing' the provinces in two weeks. They call themselves tourist. They never really get out of their own back yards."

GOODBYE TO TIM

The giant oak cast its massive purple shadow protecting the now shrivelling grass. Cutting its way beneath the shadow slipped the tanned road. Ahead it gradually rose to the crest of a small hill. From this the sun reflected all its strength with a dreadful glare. Through this mass of brilliant yellow two figures appeared. The larger of the two dragged his feet, kicking up great clouds of dust which all but covered the straggling creature behind. Closer, closer, the gap between the coolness of the shadow and the pair closed. Under this protection from the unbearable heat and glare the figures became distinguishable--a small exhausted boy and his aging collie dog.

The small face reflected pain as it gazed down into the uplifted brown eyes.

"I'm sorry we had to walk so far Tim, but we had to get away. Com'on, we'll rest under this tree now. Just look at ya, all caked with dust. People are gonna think I never bath ya. Well never mind, just rest now."

Together the pair moved to the base of the tree. The boy slumped down and leaned his back against the rough hewn bark. His dog flopped down at his side and lay his drooping head into the small lap.

"Uncle Andy should 'a never said what he did. Now they'll be sorry. Now we're gone. Don't worry boy, I'll never go back! Well--at lesat not till they promise"--the tiny voice quivered, "--promise not to shoot you."

Anger and frustration rose with sudden gust. The young face showed set lines of determination and rebellion. The once tiny voice rose to a fevered pitch.

"I won't let them do it!"

Frail arms flung around the dust caked ruff and the tear stained cheeks disappeared into the mound of fur. There was no response. No flip of the tail, no loving whimper, no flick of the eyebrow. There was nothing. Tim didn't move. He lay still, his quiet head resting in its original position.

Realization slowly dawned; deep, tearing sobs broke forth.

"Wake up Tim. Please wake up. Oh, Tim, you have to wake up. We have to get going. Com'on boy!"

The pleas went unanswered. The golden hulk lay still and silent.

Gently, very gently, the boy lifted Tim's head and softly laid it in the crushed grass. He slowly rose and dragged himself towards the distant cluster of trees. Shortly he reappeared carrying an armload of wood. Sinking to his knees he began digging with a flat, shovel-like stick. This ritual completed, the boy blinded again by tears stumbled to the side of his beloved dog.

"Well Tim, he won't shoot you anyways. Here you can sleep in peace and I'll visit you often."

The giant oak cast its massive purple shadow protecting the shrivelling grass. Cutting its way beneath the shadow slipped the tanned road. Ahead it gradually rose to the crest of a small hill over which a small figure slumped out of sight. The countryside was still and unchanged except for the small, crude cross which stood beneath the protection of the purple shadow of the giant oak.

Susan Nicol
Form 8

THE ORPHAN

Karen stood alone,
Surrounded by others,
Yet somehow -- still alone.
Her face,
Pinched and white,
Held no childish gaiety,
Warmth or delight.
Any hint of laughter
Was hidden behind her sorrow.

For she was no one's daughter!

She had done this before
And would do it again.
It was useless
Parading with the others
Across the floor
In front of likely parents.
She felt her throat ache.
Silently she promised to be good
If only someone would take
Her for their daughter!

Tears stung her eyes
Yet did not fall,
While she quietly dreamed
For a mama doll,
And toys and clothes,
And friends and swings,
And this and that,
So many things --
But most of all
A Mom and Dad.

She trembled as the tension
Mounted -- and broke,
When, strangely kind,
The Matron's voice
Said, "Karen -- please stay behind!"

-- Jane Boorse
Form #2

MY PLACE

Here the waves come to die--
Noisily, yet noiseless.
The heat of day
Surrounds, suffocates and encloses
With the glazed and burdened odours
Of blossom and pine.
The pond nearby re-echoes
The sounds of life,
As the gelatinous amoebae
Divide and divide . . .
Here is time, yet timelessness,
Both gone and unnoticed
By the occasional visitor.
The elements carve the face of the land . . .
Only in the future
Will it be known
That the waves seen today
Have made a difference
In "my place".

Rachel Seguin
Form 3

IT'S ALL WORTHWHILE

I think with awe of distance far,
That blue mysterious wink, a star.
The way the seeds grow in the spring
The beauty found in everything.

With sighs I think of happy days
Fulfilling in so many ways.
I think of the joy, the sadness too
The uncertainty in all I do.

I wonder why I carry on,
When my motives all seem gone.
Then some happy child, his face a smile,
Suddenly makes it all worthwhile.

E.A. Nicholls--
Form 8

THE MAKING OF A SEAMAN

The shipping agent drove me to the Montreal waterfront. We pulled up beside a twenty-thousand-ton freighter.

"Well, what do you think of her?" he enquired.

I narrowed my eyes as I examined the grey hull and the white superstructure, attempting to give the impression that I was appraising the ship with the benefit of years of experience.

"Not bad," I said.

"Well, that's your ship. A Norwegian freighter plying the Great Lakes and the Mediterranean. Good luck!"

"I'll need it," I replied. Swinging my kitbag on my back I swaggered up the gangway as I imagined an experienced seaman would swagger. Leaping to the deck, I strode heartily to the nearest sailor.

"Hi, I am the new man. Where do I go?"

He didn't smile. "Follow me, I'll show you."

As I followed him to my quarters I was quaking in my boots, and justifiably too! I had talked my way into and signed up for a job that demanded skill in tying knots, proficiency in steering and a general knowledge of seamanship. Wretched and lowly landlubber, the only thing I could do proficiently was get seasick when the water got choppy. I threw my kitbag on my bunk, "It should prove an interesting trip," I mused.

My unsmiling guide decided to be friendly.

"I'm Johansen," he said.

"I'm Bob Evans," I replied. "I am glad to know you."

He took me to the mess hall and introduced me to the crew.

"This is a crazy ship," he confided. "There are Swedes, Finns, Norwegians, Germans, Italians and Spaniards on this tub. And now we have a Canadian!"

"Are you Canadian?" asked Colombia, who was from Colombia.

"Yeah, that's right."

"We'll call you Canada."

"O.K."

My new name was a signal of good fortune. The weather was beautiful and the lakes were glass-smooth. I never once felt seasick. Every spare moment I referred to my trusty 'Manual of Seamanship' and practised knot-tying. At first I avoided situations that demanded the use of knots and busied myself chipping rust, washing the deck, coiling rope or working in the holds. But I couldn't avoid them all. My hours of clandestine practice paid dividends as I tied a bowline with speedy but studied nonchalance.

I dreaded my first turn at the wheel. It was fearful to know that inevitably I would be responsible for the direction of twenty-thousand tons of ship, slipping at ten knots through the water. I studied desperately and discovered that 'port' meant 'left' and 'starboard' meant 'right' in nautical language. One morning while washing the bridge floor, I overheard and committed to memory the mate's commands and observed the helmsman's actions. It didn't look too difficult.

The dreaded order came.

"Canada, you're on the wheel!"

A jolt of fear blasted me from head to toe. As I desperately scrambled for my scattered wits, I realized with a numbing horror that we were passing through the Welland Canal. It seemed only three feet wide!

"Canada, get up on the bridge!"

"O.K." I said. "I'm going."

Stumbling as if in a trance I climbed up to the bridge, muttering to myself, "Starboard is right, port is left." I stepped behind the wheel. I clamped my sweating hands to the spokes and gazed down the canal. That narrow, water-filled, V-shaped notch of concrete appeared to be scarcely wide enough for a rowboat.

Then I noticed a freighter heading toward us. I stifled a cry in my throat. My body was rigid. Sweat ran into my eyes. This was a nightmare!

"Port a little," ordered the Captain.

I hesitated, my mind clicked over, "Port is left." I nudged the wheel over to the left.

"Port a little more," repeated the Captain.

I nudged the wheel slightly more to the left.

"Steady on" said the Captain.

Holding the wheel to port for a few seconds I let it slip back to the centre position. I was intensely aware of the ponderous bulk of the ship beneath me, of the black massive hull of the oncoming freighter and the rapidly diminishing distance between them. With powerful concentration I absorbed the Captain's quietly-spoken commands and translated them into movements of the wheel. The black ship loomed like a mountain on our port bow. In one psychedelically-clear moment, I was aware of her white superstructure and red decks. I could see the men on her bridge and the crew working on her deck. "With a rush of swirling water she swept past us. A wave of relief swept over me. For the first time I realized that I was drenched with sweat. I began to relax.

"Starboard a little," intoned the Captain.

I snapped back to concentration and remained that way for the next hour as the ship wended her slow route along the canal and out into open lake. I was relieved from duty at the wheel and I staggered aft.

"How was it, Canada?" asked Johannsen.

"Not bad," I replied.

Stumbling into my cabin I collapsed exhausted on my bunk.

Six weeks later, having completed all our Great Lake calls, we sailed out of Quebec city and headed for the Atlantic. I was proud, and why not? I was confident on the wheel, I could tie superlative knots, I could even speak a little Norwegian.

"But aren't you worried about being seasick?" you may ask.

"Not this mariner," I reply as I feel the salt-tinged breeze ruffling my fledgeling beard. "I have four boxes of seasick pills."

Robert Evans
Form 5

YOUR PUPILS MIGHT HAVE B. A. 'S IN CHEATING

It is final exam time, and thirty-five students in the classroom are hard at work on their exam papers. From the front you, the teacher, scan the room looking for wandering eyes. But the only movement is the normal shifting and fidgeting of tense, concentrating youngsters.

Now let's take a closer look at these seemingly innocent gestures. The boy at the front row stares at his paper and drums his fingers meditatively. Another bites his lower lip, tugs at his left ear, writes on his paper, then scratches his head as he considers what he has written. A student wearing a hearing aid stares up at the ceiling, resting his hand against his bad ear. A young lady coughs and reaches into her purse for a sheet of tissue. In the second row a student is leaning back in his seat, deep in thought, his pencil idly poised in front of him. Next to him is a young man writing hurriedly, glancing at his watch to see how much time he has left. Yes, it is an industrious and innocent scene, marred by only one fact; each of those six youngsters is cheating as hard as he can.

The oldest and most common method of cheating, as you might already know, is simply to peek at the neighbour's paper. It's a primitive system, but it is used by the old pros, who feel it makes up in safety what it lacks in effectiveness, and by the novice or 'panic' cheater.

Most of the other cheating techniques it seems to me, depend in one way or another on a piece of paper, or the like, crammed with notes.

All the different methods of using this piece of paper indicate that some students will attempt to hide knowledge on any part of the body except the brain. These range from simple pieces of paper to modern electronic devices.

You may have used or seen some of the following devices: writing facts on the palm of the hand, arm or wrist and covering the writing with a shirt sleeve or a bandage; or pasting long strips of paper under rulers or similar materials needed for examination purposes. And what is the simplest hiding place of all? The old reliable shirt pocket, where one can see a piece of paper and what is written on it just by looking down. Girls sometimes employ similar methods using areas of their persons which a teacher would not check without thinking twice -- and probably not even then.

But there are many sophisticated and imaginative variations. Compact transistorized tape recorders seem to be on the way out, for there is a stiff preliminary requirement which discourages all but those that are determined: the recorder ear plug must be worn all the time to establish the fact that the wearer uses a hearing-aid. At exam time he merely pre-records the information he needs.

I have seen a pencil which was made hollow by removing most of the lead. The lead is replaced with a thin round stick of about the same size, to which was attached a sheet of paper, rolled up. A tiny slit was cut in the side of the pencil and the cheating student simply pulled out the sheet when he needed it, peeked at it, then rolled it back again by means of the eraser end of the pencil.

A cheap wrist watch can be used just as effectively. One of my fellow students last year told me with admiration how the system works. "Empty the works from a watch. Then take a long, thin piece of paper and write notes on it. Then fit it into the watch in such a way that when you turn the knob the paper inside would turn on a roller until whatever you wanted to know would appear on the face."

Finally there are signaling and swapping -- forms of cheating that involve the participation of two students, one of whom knows the answers.

In a true-false test it is easy to pass information. The cheater indicates the number of the question and his accomplice replies with a prearranged signal -- perhaps tugging of an ear lobe for "true", scratching the head for "false". Answers also can be communicated by drumming in Morse code on the desk top.

Of all the cheaters who use mechanical devices and carefully planned tricks that are used to cheat the teachers, the greatest respect -- if that is the word -- must be reserved for the impromptu cheater who uses nothing more complicated than a highly developed talent for being crooked on the spur of the moment.

One of my friends attending university told me the following story. "A friend of mine I know entered a calculus examination with practically no knowledge of the course. The exam questions were on two mimeographed sheets. One glance showed him that he knew nothing whatever about the four questions on the first sheet. He devoted the entire exam period to answering the single question on sheet two, then turned in the sheet alone. Taking the first sheet back to his room, he opened his textbooks, answered the first four questions and finally placed the page of answers on the floor and stepped on it. Then he handed the page to a friend who was about to take another exam in the same room. With the page went explicit instructions. The second student waited until his own exam had started, then walked up to the instructor bearing the dirty sheet of paper. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I just found this at the back of the room." The instructor took the 'lost' paper. The cheater got one of the few A's in his class.

If all these examples prove anything, they prove that nothing will stop a really determined cheater. It must be obvious that the solution to cheating is not a search for foolproof examinations but a change in moral attitude. This can be achieved only by the students themselves -- and their parents. What about the teachers?

Dino De Rosa
Form 5

CONFORMITY

It's a good life--
This life of utter conformity.

"Individuality is ours"
The phantom public cries,
Absurd! As if they had been mesmerized
By rules of strict conformity.

How atrocious these moral lepers
Doing what nobody does!
Much better for us stereotyped
Than their festering, dulling, withering . . .

Preposterous these eccentricities!
By gad! it is we,
Your preponderant leaders,
Who have striven for your normality
Yes, it is a good life--
Our life of utter conformity.

Denise Pronovost
Form 9

BUT

Life
Is often unendurable;
But,
We all cling to it.

Happiness
Is fleeting;
But,
We all pursue it.

Loneliness
Is avoidable;
But,
We all feel lonely now and then.

Hatred
Is malicious;
But,
It rules us all at times.

Luck
Is temporary;
But,
We all hope for it.

Love
Is frequently distressing;
But,
We all venture into it.

Death
Is dreaded;
But,
We all must meet it.

Christine Senter
Form 9

FORTY BELOW

It hung everywhere
Enveloping,
Smothering,
Heavy and motionless
Hovering o'er roof and street.

The town lay silently;
Seemingly frightened
Cowering in itself.
Tucked close,
Anticipating daylight
Sunlight
Warmth.

Warmth, to thaw and reduce
The icy chill to nothingness.
Allowing air to breathe, and
Sun to smile.
To beat its happy dance
Upon the silvery surface
Of earth's frozen sheath.

Life therein,
Was evidenced only by
Drowsy plumes of smoke
Pushing, struggling up,
Then falling under weight
Of frost and cold.
All else wasn't!

Cheryl West
Form 10

LIVING UP TO TRADITION

Larry's father had carried a canoe since he was twelve. All his brothers had carried a canoe by the age of twelve. Larry had now reached the age of fourteen and he was not following family tradition at all. It was a hot day on the portage and his father was around the bend talking to campers on their way back from Daily Lake.

Larry stood by the lake staring at the canoe while the ominous cloud of family tradition hung over his head. Then with movements of determination, he pulled the canoe up and started lacing the paddles. He must get that canoe over the half mile portage before his father came back. He was just wrestling the canoe on to his back when he heard,

"Just a minute son. You have the paddles on backwards."

Larry's heart sank. Now his father would laugh at his good intentions.

"The handles of the paddles always face the stern." His father undid the mass of knots and tied the paddles in expert fashion. Then after a long silence he added,

"Are you sure you want to carry this thing?"

Larry's face flashed with surprise. Then he masked his excitement and put a tone of nonchalance in his voice. In an off-hand manner he replied,

"Yeah, I can carry it. There's nothing to it."

"Alright, here put my coat on to pad your shoulders."

Larry was sure he detected a hint of laughter in his father's voice. "I'll show him," he thought, "I'll carry that thing if it kills me." His father lifted the canoe up with awesome ease and said,

"Steady now, adjust the paddle blades on your shoulders and if you get tired, I will help you. Are the paddles comfortable, son? Now are you sure you want to carry it son? It's heavy you know."

"No, I can carry it."

"Okay." came the reply and he let the full weight of the canoe descent on Larry's shoulders.

The boy's legs bowed, he swayed sideways, then backwards and then he did a fancy rendition of a two step. He moved forward in a half run with his legs still buckled. He came to a dead stop, straightened and then took one unsure step forward, then another. He was in full control. He fortified himself mentally by telling himself that it was really light.

Two minutes later, it got heavier, and five minutes later, he thought his legs were going to collapse. He could hear his father's footsteps behind him. "I can't put it down," he thought, "he'd laugh, I'd be a disgrace."

Sweat started to trickle down into his eyes and it stung. He squeezed his eyelids tight and then opened them. The trickle of salt water took a new route. He now had to blow the water droplets off the end of his nose. A voice came from behind.

"Stop son, I'll hold the canoe."

Larry held his breath so as not to emit any trace of exertion and replied,

"No, don't bother, I'm alright."

He was almost over the portage, there was not a muscle in his body that did not ache. He tried everything, from shifting the canoe to walking at a quickgait. The best method was to hold his breath for long periods of time and the mental concentration anaesthetized the pain.

"Only twenty yards to go, ten -- I'm here. Dad better hurry," he thought, "No, I'll put it down myself." He started to squat in an undignified position and then got down on his knees. Somehow, he rolled the canoe off his shoulders and let it rest lightly on the ground. He saw his father coming up the trail.

"Have any difficulty, son?" There was a note of pride in his voice.

Larry stifled his quick breath and said,

"No -- not too much trouble at all."

He wiped all traces of effort from his face with his forearm and added,

"In fact, I thought the canoe would be a lot heavier."

Douglas Grant
Form 6

In the town hall of Kirkland Lake, Ontario, there is a mural showing men lining up at the mine entrance to begin their shift. I have forgotten most of the details, such as, which of the once-famous Kirkland mines it is they are about to enter (Wright-Hargreaves?, Lakeshore?, Teck-Hughes?, Sylvanite?), or on what memorable date this particular shift went to work, other than that it was during the height of the gold mining era. There is also the strong suspicion that the picture, though honest and well-done, would probably never find its way into any renowned art gallery; but there is one lasting impression. Depicted here is the Canada I sought while still in war-torn Europe, here is the Canada I found some seventeen years ago, the Canada which adopted me and mine, and which I in turn chose for my country - not through an accident of birth, but consciously as an adult.

What is it that makes this mural so outstanding, at least for me? Nothing is shown of the wonders of the Canadian landscape - the vast Arctic North, the endless prairies, the majestic Rockies - but then other countries have comparable wonders and beauty, and it is not for this that you would choose a new homeland. It is the very best, the essence of Canada, which is shown here - in the faces, somewhat tired but determined, of the men about to enter the mine, and in their names listed in conscientious small-town manner under the picture. No roster of reputed heroes here, just ordinary men bent on a job no weakling would care for; men from all corners of the earth as demonstrated by their names, who even if they came here hoping to find the streets paved with gold had long since settled down to working for it - hard, dangerously, without glamour. This is the Canada of the mind, a community of people bound together not by common origin but by common goals, going about their work unostentatiously, maybe with a bit of grumbling as befits a gruelling job, but still ready to do their share, and let the next fellow have his, no matter how unpronounceable his name, how hard to understand his greeting.

A decent but rather gloomy and not too inspiring picture to represent one's country in anyone's mind? Look outside. There is the living follow-up picture: the children of these men, black, brown and blond of hair, playing together in the schoolyard, laughing, calling to each other, proving their father's right. It IS all worthwhile, the loneliness at first, the "mucking for gold", the sweat, the dreams. Here is the future now, carved by the men with the strange and silent faces, the Browns, the Laplantes, the Greatbears, the Pulsinskis, Benvenutos, Schmidts, SooLings, and all the others; it reads like a roster of the United Nations. It is Canada today and tomorrow!

And it is also the greatest challenge to all of us who want to take some active part in the further shaping of our country's future by educating its children.

Swanhild A. Simmerling
Form 3

COLLEGE DE PEDAGOGIQUE

(with apologies to William Drummond)

Although you don' know me,
Ma nom ees Lee 'arris,
To come to dees ecole
Je suis tres embaras.

Ma brain she ees t'eeek,
Plaintee t'ing I don' know,
But de qualification I got,
So by gar me I go.

Dey say dat de teacher
She ees ver-ee scarce,
So I t'ink mebbe I try
For bedder, for worse.

De day she arrive,
Le 12 du Septembre,
Ma knee dey ees knockin',
Ma t'aughts ver-ee sombre.

I walk t'rou dat door,
De auditorium she's feel,
Dere ees no escape now,
Ma fate she ees seal.

De life at de college,
She's so beesy an' gai,
From top floor to bottom
Leas' t'ree tam per day.

Den down to de gym where
We mak' beaucoup sport,
M'sieur 'usband 'ee 'oller
An' we dance an' cavort.

Den out to de school
We visite wan week,
Teach beaucoup de children
Mos' tam I feel seek.

It's back to de college
Pour write les exam,
An' if we should fail
By gar, what a jam!

De exam she ees over
An' now we mus' wait,
For masters to mark dem
An' tell us our fate.

But if we don' mak' it,
Don' lose de good cheer,
Remember Pestalozzi,
Try new job nex' year.

Mrs. L. Harris
Form 6





Who says candid shots
are funny?



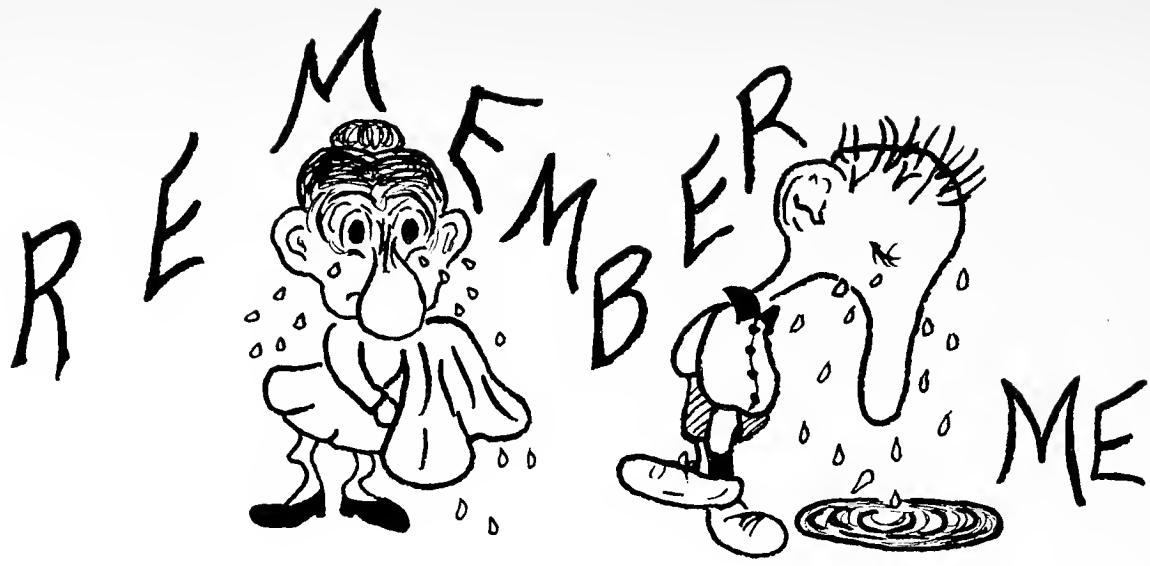
Sorry, it's been
censored!

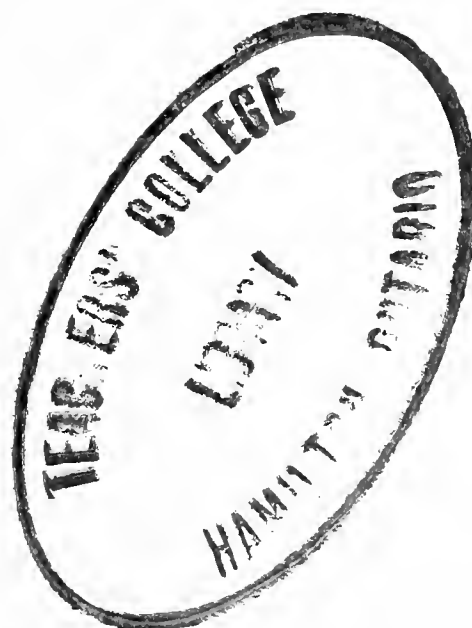


This job wasn't what
this implies.



That can't be me!





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